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from P. Aldini

Lyta

280 e. 3088



280 e. 3088

Οἱ Ἕλληνες.

THE GREEKS:

BEING

THE JEREMIAD OF AN EXILED GREEK;

A POEM

“ VENU DE FRANCE D'UNE MANIÈRE INCONNUE;”

AND

DEDICATED TO ALL THE LEGS!

WITH NOTES CONTAINING THE ARCANA OF GREEKING AT PLAY;
AND SKETCHES OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS GREEKS!

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PIGEONS—THE FANCY—
ANECDOTES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE, &c.

*Parce, nec invideo, sine me, liber ibis in urbem:
Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo!*

OVID DE TRISTIBUS.

When GREEK meets GREEK, then comes the tug of War!

ELEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for J. J. STOCKDALE, 41, Pall-Mall.

1827.



Printed by Cox and Baylis,
Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London.

DEDICATION,

TO ALL THE LEGS!

The *footing* on which we lived, during the time I was amongst you, warrants this dedication. It is made, in the hope of your profiting by the fate of one who forgot to make hay whilst the sun shone, and who has now *literally outrun* the constable:—otherwise he would not be *here*. Though, like the Ex-Emperor, I am now put *hors de combat*, I liberally adopt the motto of the sun:—"Lucet omni-
bus, non sibi." If any brother Greek should peruse my sad history, it will bē of service to him to think of our old *national* adage "Γνωθι Σεαυτον," and ever to remember that now:

—"Non hospes ab hospite tutus;

"Non socer a genero"—

Your's,

"Ελλην.

Paris, 1st of June 1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author has somewhat delayed the appearance of this little work, from an intention of incorporating into it a complete history of THE HOUSES, with much other information which he has subsequently received. His time has, however, been so fully occupied otherwise, that he has resolved to let it form part of either a new edition or of "THE PIGEONS," which will very shortly make its appearance. In the interim, he requests, that all communications respecting either Greeks, or Pigeons, the plunderers or the plundered, may be addressed to his publisher.

The readers of the first edition, will learn with surprise, that even the bare announcement of his book, has been productive of unprecedentedly good effects. Two of the fashionable houses have shut up even before this work, which they might well regard with terror, had appeared. The Author has in consequence, tempered and withheld his allusions in respect of them. *He wars not with the dead!*

The Author requests the communication of any facts connected with gaming, the *fancy*, and *fashionable life generally*, addressed to his publisher.

CONTENTS.

POEM.

The lamentations of an Englishman in France, being transplanted
and not taking with the Soil.

Old Friends apostrophized, Dandies, Demireps, &c.

Sad Reminiscences.

A Warning to Greeks.

Former Splendour at home.

His Style of Dress.

His Mode of Living.

His Levee, &c.

Sad Contrast betwixt England and France.

Description of the English in Paris.

British Officers in France.

Frenchmen.

French Women.

Critical Account of their Dress.

The Salon des Etrangers.

The Inferiority of French to English Bloods.

Apostrophe to the Belles of the Age.

NOTES. *P. 47.*

The Game of Macao.

The Nine; and the Nomenclature of Greeking.

Anecdote of P. Roubel.

Hells make a Show.

• Gaming Anecdotes. Mr. H——t, Capt. D——s.

Odds at Play.

Baron Geramb.

A late infamous Transaction.

Mr. P——t and the Bum-bailiff.

Gaming in Italy.

Dangers of Greeking, and Necessity of being a fighting Man.

Increase of Greeks. Curious Anecdote.

The Practice of Securing.

Tricks with Cards.

Anecdote of a Coachmaker.

Down on the Nail.

Hotel Charges.

Throw Over.

Bribing Bailiffs.

Fraudulent Bankrupts.

Contented Cuckolds.

Military Bullice—French Cocktails.

Old Cros, and a friendly Caution.

Billiards, another Caution.

Chequers, Throw-overs, Doubles, Heating Plates, and throwing Snuff
in a Maggot Race.

Plucking a Pigeon.

A celebrated Cyprian. Nicknames for frail Fair.

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None here to business, all to pleasure take,

For every gamester is at heart a rake.

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THE GREEKS.

To you, worthy brothers, and friends in the trade,
This sad Jeremiad is feelingly made;
You all know me well; and you value my worth,
Inferior to no one, in *greeking*, on Earth.
'Tis I, as ye've witness'd, who fairly may boast,
The complete overthrowing of *Pharaoh's host*;
'Tis I who could drill the whole tribe to my mind,
Reduce e'en the plumpest to *Pharo's lean kind*;
A second Napoleon in courage and skill,
I could make *knaves* and *kings* just the tools of
my will;

R

Without

Without means of my own, in the first circles shine,
Disposing of fortunes, and making them mine.

Ah me! what sad pangs ev'ry fibre now feels,
When I view the success of my exquisite *deals*,
My *cutting* and *shuffling*, perform'd with such ease,
(And their talent is rare who can cut when they
please).

Ev'ry bet at Maco (1) was decidedly mine;
For, faithful to me, was the snug winning Nine (2);
And the dice-box, alike, against Squire or Lord,
Brought whatever I pleased on the fortunate
board. (3)

Yet—exil'd, in spite of success, to this land;
I have made of my gains but a very *bad hand*.

For

~~~~~

For here, gallant Greeks! my sad fortune deplore,  
No pigeon takes wing to the Gallican shore;  
And the nation, composed of sly slippery elves,  
Admits of no *plucking*, except by themselves;  
Whilst Bourbon the pious, to vermin-like rats,  
Grants Licences special, for *doing the fairs*.

Ye haunts of Saint James's! ye Cyprian fair!  
How sweet your amusements! how *winning* your  
air!

Long, long have I served you, and valued you well,  
From the Regent's proud palace to Bennet Street  
*hell*,

Where nobles and simples alike take their swing,  
With th' intention of being *at all in the ring*.

~~~~~

Their eyes are attracted with rouleaus of gold,
Or with thousands in paper, so neat in the fold : (4)
Impatient they view them, and seize them elate,
And when pocketing most, they most swallow the bait.
There's N—g—nt's proud lord (5), who to angle
for pelf,
Will soon find the secret of diddling himself;
There's H—rb—rt (6) who lately, as knowing ones
tell,
Won a tight seven hundred at house in Pall Mall;
Captain D—v—s (7) who now is a chick of the
game,
But although in *high feather*, the odds will soon
tame ; (8)

And

And the Marquis of Bl—ndf—rd, who *'touch'd em*
up rare,

For a thousand in Bennet Street (all on the square),
Where a service of plate gives a *shine* to the job,
The whole made of crowns from young gentlemen's
fob ;

There's Ll--yd and C--m--ck, who'd a martinette be;
For none *drills* a guinea more ably than he—
So his adjutant told him (a pretty good wiper,
Which the Cor'nel accepted and put in his pipe) ;
There's a certain rum baronet every one knows,
Who on Saturday nights to the *two sevens* goes ;
With J— and Cl—, Billy W— and two more,
So drunk that they keep merry hell in a roar,

~~~~~

Long D—b—n, thin C—rt—r, a son of a gun,

Bill B—, the Doctor that figure of fun ;

They have all won a little, and now *are in*  
*force,*

But they'll find that it soon will return to its  
source :

The knowing ones watch them, and give them  
their fill,

And they'll soon be reduced to discounting their  
bill. (9)

Bankers, Dealers, and Demireps, Cuckolds in  
droves,

A T—l—r, a T—nf—ld, a Cr—kf—ld, and  
Cl—v—s,—

A H—rft—rd,

~~~~~

A H—rtf—rd, a Y—rm—th,— of frail ones ten score,
T—ff—e, S—br—gt, and E—ll—s, and (10)

Craufurd Street w—e,—

B—ds, Bullies and Dandies, prime millers, and
bloods,

Of the *family* parlour of old Mother W—s,

Where Al—v—nl—y's Lord plays with Fanny or
Peg,

And his learned co-Peer who by *nature's* a *leg* :

In fine, ev'ry object of popular fame,

Old hens, youthful chickens, and cocks of the
game,

Though distant, I ever shall keep you in view ;

For all my enjoyments were center'd in you.

To

To *A. B.'s* and Bailiffs, I waft a sad tear ;
For I know they have found me a friend that was
 dear ;
And the Bill-doers, too, who have fleeced Johnny
 Raw ;
And lastly the Jem'men who *follow* the law. (11).
To the tradesmen who tick, a remembrance most
 kind,
I thus send, and assure them that fortune is blind.
This truth is a sad one ; I've learn'd it too late ;
But 'twill serve those, who now may take heed
 from my fate :
For, the purses of others, 'tis pretty well known,
I look'd to, but ne'er had an *eye* to my own ;

For

~~~~~

For which my Annuitants sternly refusé

My freedom, and thereby have *narrow'd my views*.

Time was, when so splendid, so gay, debonair,  
I've had of these vermin a brace at my chair,  
The slaves of my chamber, the shades at my doors,  
Subservient, and bowing obedience by scores ;  
For *soit dit en passant*, when ruin'd 's a rake,  
The greater's the plunder his liv'rymen make :  
Then, the produce of filching, to noble in need,  
Is lent out on annuity, mortgage, or deed :  
So, the Peer or the Commoner going to rack,  
May sit with his Creditor stuck at his back,  
Unconscious, howe'er, of so monstrous a bore,  
The effects of a Cl—pr—w, a S—dl—y, or M—re,  
Who

Who the *parties* procure, 'mongst such miscreant  
trash;

For nothing's degrading in touching the cash—

A pound is the same both in value and weight,  
Though it came from the basest or first in the  
State. (12)

I grieve, whilst I think of the years which have  
flown,

Of the thousands I've squandered, the pleasures  
I've known,

Of the many occasions, which fortune has cast  
In my way to be rich, which I slighted as fast—

How oft', independent I might have retired  
With enough to live happy—nay more than required;

But

---

But Greeks are like Cyprians, and fate has decreed  
That they both should spend fortunes, and perish  
in need;

That their treasures, with dreams of enchantment  
should pass,

And leave them no solace except from the—glass;

That at length youth and beauty, good luck, and  
foul play,

Should all thrive a season—then vanish away.

Ye shades of the Greeks! what sad lessons  
appear

From the treasures you've wasted, acquired so dear;

For life and fair character (13), both are at stake,

For every good hit, and each *trick* which we make.

Yet

---

Yet alas! this sad destiny waited on all;  
 Despised are your memories, sudden your fall;  
 The gold in your coffers was never of use;  
 Whilst you thirsted for other's, you still were profuse  
 Of your own (14), whilst it lasted; 'till, wretched  
 and poor,

Ye were shunned by the world, and shut out from  
 each door.

B—gs, E—gl—nd, O'K—ly and Sc—tt had their  
 day,

A C—ll—nd—r, B—rm—n, and W—ll—ce so gay,  
 A W—m—s and a M—rg—n, C—nc—c—n—n so  
 great—

But all have experienced a similar fate.

The

---

The sport of vicissitudes, danger, and strife,  
They have wither'd in every season of life—  
Exhausted by vigils, o'er matched, although  
    brave,  
Deserted whilst living, despis'd in the grave.  
And, ye who still boast of a title so fair,  
The early seducer of R—dn—r's young Heir,  
Whose wife less from Venus than *Juno* could  
    boast,  
Whose cheek ev'ry honest effusion has lost—  
Awhile you may flourish, awhile may seem great,  
But you still are reserved for a gambler's sad fate ;  
Stale practices useless, and tricks too well known,  
Alike are degraded, and fame over-blown.

---

'Tis thus, that fair Cyprians, neglecting the hour  
When their arts were successful—triumphant their  
pow'r,

Like Danaë sported in showers of gold,  
And revell'd in pleasures too soft to be told;  
Yet, unsated with bliss, with ambition and gain,  
Have experienced, at last, cold contempt and  
disdain.

T'was thus, that, by practices double and dark,  
A Prince's fair idol, adviser, and *clerk*,  
Betraying the heart and the trust she had won,  
And, selling her Patron, by self was undone.

In fine, it is thus, that we're laid on the shelf  
By the short sighted plan of outwitting oneself.

---

'Tis true, brother Greeks, that so many are  
made (15),

That we scarce can agree, being all of one trade ;

That such numbers *put up*, smaller gains can af-  
ford ;

And that all are now *legs*, from the groom to the  
lord ;

That dice are suspected, and no one is sure

If the caster so merry, has learn'd to *secure* (16) :

But still one of genius, with dice-box and card, (17)

May contrive to ensure, for his labours, reward ;

If in judgment, still more than in chances, pro-  
found,

*Hand ignarus futuri*, his foresight be found.

---

I once had my day too, as thousands can tell,—  
 Cut, amongst the four-horse-club, no trivial swell;  
 I had two grooms behind, and my madam before,  
 My tits full of metal, each costing six score  
 Of Newmarket pounds, which you know very well  
 Are guineas, as many a loser can tell.  
 Not B—xt—n, prig Ag—r, nor bold Martin H—ke  
 Could shew better Cattle, with all their fine talk;  
 Not Tw—sd—n, nor M—rr—y who, some people  
     say,  
 Drives a Tandem of Donkies at Botany Bay;—  
 Not Gr—v—s broken down, nor the Peer (H—Ad)  
     now in France,  
 No knight of the whip nor bold knight of the lance  
                                     Could

---

Could produce such a team ; nay, indeed, I much  
doubt,

If any amongst them, had such a *turn out*.

How well, I, at every tavern was known,  
Was bowed to by every *leg* in the town !  
Groom porters and waiters now say, in my praise,  
That they've got no such *workmen* as me now-a-days.  
Then the Coachmakers, (18) Horse Dealers, Sad-  
lers, and all

Rejoiced at my winnings, and weep at my fall ;

And much to my *credit*, the Tailors, egad !

Allow that they found me a *promising* lad.

Aye, and so say the Ladies, and truly they speak,

For they never have seen a more *promising* Greek.

~~~~~

Long, Hoby and Allen do likewise agree,
That they had *nothing else* but *fair promise* from me.

How alter'd the scene ! Here the mercantile slaves
Of Louis désiré— these vile grov'ling knaves,
With their goods undeliver'd, impertinent stand,
Whilst their d—mn—able *mémoire* they thrust in
your hand.

Not so, when, some seconds before it was dark,
Having just finish'd breakfast, I rode in the Park ;
Or, in exquisite style, fann'd along my light mail,
A pattern to Coachmen, and *down as a nail* (19),—
With hat-crown of yeoman, and brim half an inch,
Which to hold in your hand, you'd be put to a
pinch,—

Six

Six yards of a cravat, with starch half a pound,
To keep head erect, whilst my neck it went round,—
Shirt collar, like winkers, of eminent size,
Just so high as to give a slight glimpse of my
eyes,—

A crop like a pigeon,—a waste short and small,
Like the Heathenish Gods, with no *body* at all,—
My tail, like a sparrow's, the fashion was such,—
And, trowsers in size to outrival the Dutch,
(For men of great parts must for ever prevail,
No matter where placed, in the head or the
tail,)—

My boots of high polish,—it must be confess'd,—
'Tis the only high *polish* by Dandies possess'd,—

A spur

A spur at my heel, not to injure a joint,
And, just like modern wit, only wanting the point.—
To screen my lean carcase from tempest or wind,
I was padded before, and well furnish'd behind :—
Increasing my stature, whilst proudly I trod,
My hoofs were with iron most durably shod :
Thus I kick'd up a dust ; thus I rais'd my renown ;
Thus I made nò small noise in the country and town.
Still keeping in view my companion, the horse,
I was neted for looking through *collars* of course ;
The number was great ; 'tis well known in the
Park—
That Coat which could prove me “ Bang up to the
Mark ”—

Which

~~~~~

Which made Misses titter, and Johnny Raws gape,  
Nay even old hands, who had *doubled the Cape*.

Then I led such a life :—'twas delicious to think  
How, on others men's purse, I could revel and  
drink,—

How I lodged *en Seigneur*, at Hotels of high fame—  
Escudier's, Morant's, Long's, and Jacquier's by  
name;

Paid one hundred per month for myself and my  
grooms,

For pen, ink and paper (20), for wax-lights and  
rooms;

For self at a supper, five guineas could pay,

Including Champaign, and my coach to the play;

A fifty

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A fifty for dinner for six, was no bill,—  
Such my sumptuous habits, my judgment and skill.  
Thus the town thought me gen'rous, *magnifique*  
and free,  
Whilst poor Johnny Newcome paid piper for me.  
Every morning at six I withdrew from the board,  
In the highest of luck and as drunk as a lord;  
Then retir'd to Dame St—nh—pe, or damsel so  
sweet,  
First breaking each lamp which I saw in the street;  
*Dealt it out* to a Watchman, or else, sly as fox,  
Extinguish'd his lanthorn, and nail'd up his box.  
Then I slept until noon, took of brandy a glass,  
Which made me half tipsy, and bolder than brass;  
Next

---

Next struck my repeater, and turning again,  
I slept off the fumes of the wine from my brain.  
I swore at my valet in no small degree,  
Call'd a score of dogs in, and arose about three.

My levee by ostlers and jockies was grac'd,  
From whose wiser advice all my plans I  
embrac'd.—

Here a hint of a *throw over* (21) first I set down ;  
Now a double, of which many hundreds I've  
known,—

A pigeon discover'd,—a plan pointed out  
By some brother *workman*, and soon set about.  
Thus I revelled all night, and slumbered all day,  
'Till luck, life, and Time had experienced decay.

Here

~~~~~

Here, deprived of society, hapless I dwell;
 And, if I'm in debt, I'm afraid of a cell,
 Of some strong iron cage unbefitting a beast,
 Far unworthier still of the rook of proud nest!
 Whose course like the Eagle's, high winging his
 way,

Has soar'd far above other *aves* of prey.

Here's no *palming* of Bailiffs (22),—no putting in
 bail

Of a Jew not worth sixpence, and ready to fail,—

* No getting acceptance from *Homo* of straw,—

No sweet writ of error, or technical flaw,—

No convenient attorney—at least none I find,

Who could *honestly* help one at raising the wind,—

No

No fortunes 'mongst women,—no dowagers gay,
 Who the smiles of Adonis profusely might pay;
 For all the frail fair ones I meet *à présent*,
 Expect from John Bull the blunt *argent comptant*,—
 No resource from the person, the toilette, or play,—
 In short—Brother Greeks—not a thing that will pay.

To live amongst Frenchmen, how horrid my lot!
 The world not forgetting, by world unforgot!
 Like cabbage, to vegetate here, in a soil,
 Which although it be flowing with corn, wine and
 oil
 Has no charms for my taste; and in this you'll agree :
 No—Freedom! Old England! 'and black strap for
 me!

D

Not

Not sauce, fricandeaux, ragouts, game, fowl, or fish,
Unless shar'd with good fellows, will e'er suit my dish.

Their meals unsubstantial of every kind ;

And their wine is as weak as the national mind.

Though fever'd the palate, Ill swear, for my part,

That every thing *strong* suits an Englishman's heart.

And, if to associate with Britons you please,

It must be with a pack of forlorn refugees,—

With fraudulent bankrupts, (23) or flats who have
lost

Some long suit in Chancery, loaded with cost,—

Some idiot, who, wishing in fame to get on,

Is condemned to pay thousands for 'act' of *Crim*
Con, (24)

And

And has saddled himself with adulterous wife,
As a trav'ling companion and partner for life.

Here's M—ldm—y, like Paris, whose mistress
ador'd,

Was ta'en and seduced from disconsolate lord,—

The Baronet J—cks—n,— with lewd Mrs. D—y,

Now rais'd to my Lady so gallant and gay,

A couple, howe'er, in no very high plight,

For a gloom has o'ertaken the *day* and the
knight,

Whilst fam'd anti-attrition's discover'd at last,

No cure for the folly of going too fast.

Here's General Cr—we like a prodigal's ghost,

Or the wreck of a gentleman cast on the coast,—

A Tr—ste both by name and by nature indeed,

Accused of the poison of many a steed,—

A C—le and a St—nh—pe so blithe, debonaire,

Who reside here, poor fellows! for playing too
fair,—

A W—ll—ce half starving, degraded, undone,

Though upheld, foul disgrace! by a Baronet's
Son,—

R—ll—s, frothy yet flat, fill'd with fix'd air, yet stale,

Who unites in his person the *cake* and the *ale*,

As proud as a peacock, and vain to a fault,

As though he was titled Chevalier de *Malt*;

The son of a Brewer who, foolish and weak,

Fell a victim in duel, to shot of a Greek,—

A R—k,—

A R—k,— and a H—ke,— and a Partridge not
game,—

With hundreds of others too tedious to name.

Our Army which occupies France, it is true,
Might give to a Trojan some bus'ness to do ;
But the risk would be great, and his gains very
small ;

In short 'twould be doing of nothing at all ;
For, if a young *Sub* should come under your gripe,
His bill's fit for nothing but lighting your pipe ;
He'll drink like a sponge, a whole night and a day,
Then, *modestly* ask you his reck'ning to pay,—
Or draw on his agent, for twenty at most,
Which returns, with protest, by the very next post.

If at Palais Royal, to amuse you, you walk,
You scarcely can venture with Frenchmen to talk :
Some wolf you may find, who disguised in the
fleece
Of a Lamb, turns out agent and spy of police,
Who's a watch o'er your property, person and
pen,
For the sake of fat Louis *desired* of Men !
Then, perchance, as unheeding, you hastily go,
Some *demi-solde* ruffian may tread on your toe, --
Provokes you to quarrel, produces his blade,
And a hole through your *corpus* is instantly made.
But if you name pistols and boldly shew fight,
He's off like a bullet, (25) and soon out of sight :

Thus,

Thus, the trigger— bold Greeks! keep for ever in
view,

If you chance to encounter a rash *parlor-cow*;

Or if, in a row, in a playhouse or street,

Make the play with dispatch, and then *milling* retreat.

With mind quite oppress'd, and with heart full
of care,

To a lovely frail fair one perchance I repair;

For spirit that's restless, and suffering mind,

No repose like the solace of woman can find;

The heart seeks a resting place, and, we must own,

The bosom of woman supplies it alone;

But not in the Cyprian syrens of France,

These tittering hirelings, these lovers by chance,

These

These hacknied performers of infamous parts,
Each of whom has the *gradus* of mistress of arts.
Their studied expression, of flattery full,
Aside they make faces and laugh at John Bull :
Then their modish attire I detest, I confess,
'Tis a most unbecoming, and horrible dress :—
Hat stuck full of ev'ry flower that blows,
The sun-flower, holly-oak, marygold, rose ;
In form like a turret of eminent size,
Under which puffs of ribbands in prominence
rise ;
Or in form of a mitre, a kerchief appears,
Into which a coarse female is plunged head and
ears ;

A brief

A brief little body, with hunch on the back
Of puckers, most like our old Grandmother's
sack ;—

A ruff like great Bess' — Britannia's Queen,
Which covers a skin of the lasting nankeen ;—
Low forehead, short nose, visage frequently flat ;
But a body as active and brisk as a cat ;—
Wide mouth with white teeth ;— but the world they
defy

To cope with their brilliant and mischievous eye.
How unlike the soft charms our frail sisters possess,
So apparent, and leaving you nothing to guess,—
The ivory shoulder of exquisite fall,
And a look full of feeling, surpassing it all.

Oh !

Oh! England wherever my dwelling may be,
My heart, still untravelled, is fixt upon thee!

To the *Sallon* for strangers, should Greek even
go,

There's no field for his talents, as all of us know:

You may lose all your cash whilst you play on the
square;

Or find that it's di'mond-cut-di'mond still there.

If you dine at Dunan's, you have just the same
chance

Of losing your money. Or if at a dance,

You would fain sport your figure, you're hustled
about,

And, by some pert adventurer, surely cut out.

Then,

Then, who would hold converse with trash such as
these,

Where an Englishmen never can be at his ease ?

Or who could be class'd with *old Cro's* (26) all in
vain,

When you're morally certain there's nothing to
gain ?

The men are insipid, we Englishmen think !

They have no conversation, and seldom will
drink,—

No judges of horseflesh,— no hands at a race,—

No four-in-hand drivers,— no bucks of the chase,—

No lads of the fancy,— and, i'faith d'ye see

That *ergo*, they're not fit companions for me.

Give

Give me a true sportsman, red nosed and blunt,
Who'll drink like a fish, and intrepidly hunt,—
Who'll stake his last guinea, his last banker's
check,—

Who's so bold, he thinks nothing of breaking his
neck.

Here, they all love whole bones— have an eye
to their pelf;

So, a fellow of spirit must live by himself.

All—all is unmeaning, flat, tasteless and tame,—
No chequer at Billiards (27), most exquisite
game!—

No toss up for paying your dinner,— nay worse,—
No deep odd or even, or hiding the horse,

Where

Where the greenhorn, still guessing, with luck so

accurst,

Is as likely to lose at the last as at first,—

No sumptuous suppers, my pride and my boast,

Where wine flow'd in rivers, and thousands were

lost,

Where the proud peer P—rt—rl—ngt—n, first of

the throng,

Paid six thousand to Paddy for singing a song,

And where daintiest viands which proud England

owns,

Were nothing compar'd to our *pigeons* and *bones*.(28)

This— this was, indeed, my proud æra of gold,

Surpassing what even old Ovid has told.

E

'Tis

'Tis fled; times are changed; so are rouleaus,
alas !

And we're come to the ages of iron and brass.

Ye Belles of all ages ! for all ages please,
Who varied your names and allurements with
ease,

Where are ye ? ye lovers of sparkling Lafitte,

The pretty P—nt—ne, and Dame St. M—rg—r—te ?

And— though fading— with name going much
'gainst grain,

Bruyère, because Brewer is vulgar and plain ?

C—rn—v—lli ? whose carnival now being
past,

Must bury all fond recollections at last,

And

And must keep Lent at home, having lost the good
things,

Which once flowed from Princes, from K—ngst—ns
and *Kings*.

Last, Madam Du R—s—lle ? quite pleased to the
life,

To make her niece dance to the tune of a *Fife*.

B—ng, W—ll—sly, and M—lls of the Dowager
train.

Farewell— ; for, I fear we shall ne'er meet again.

Τελος.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

Maco or Macao, a most destructive game of chance, at which a knowledge of the cards gives a decided advantage. A good Greek knows every card in the pack, so that one who plays against him must have a pretty chance! There came from Italy a certain Count, who was backed by illustrious patronage, no less than a Prince's (not our beloved Regent): this *lucky* foreigner took a lease of the winning card * during the time he resided in London; insomuch, that, at last, very few would play against his hand. Those who betted on him, made *no bad hand* of the thing, and greatly regret his absence: he was well known at the Neapolitan Club, and elsewhere: his name not being unlike Polito, would make a rhyme to it.

E 3

There:

* See Note 2 and the Character of the E — of H — y.

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There is scarcely a game with cards, Pharao not excepted, by which money may be so speedily won :  
✓ particularly if two *legs go together*.

NOTE 2.

“ *The snug winning Nine.*”

This is a winning card, as is pretty well known to the brotherhood, and at the different *Hells* in town. Here, once for all, we beg leave to apologize to our brethren for using the terms *Legs*, *Greeks*, *Trojans*, et cetera, et cetera, and for calling our haunts of amusement *Hells*. These terms are familiar to the young men on town ; and, as few men write not to be understood, we have adapted our style and *nomenclature* to the taste of the times, and to the understandings of those prime fellows and choice spirits who value money as nothing, and know how to spend both their time and fortune. To return to the nine ; any one who knows how to get possession of this Card has as  
*good*

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*good a chance as another, of making a little money on the occasion.—*

*“ Verbum Sat.”* (See Character of the Earl of H—y.)

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NOTE 3.

A Foreigner once applied for the situation of croupier, at old Paul Roubel's, stating as his qualification that he could cut or turn up whatever card he pleased: the old man (for he was nearly eighty, and a very good hearty fellow in his way) declined the offer, saying—“you are too clever for me; my customers must have some chance.”—It is true Roubel kept a gaming-house; but it is also true that few men in higher walks of life possessed a kinder heart, or a hand which opened more freely or more liberally to the calls of humanity! Peace be to his manes!

NOTE

## NOTE 4.

“ *Or with thousands in paper, so neat in the fold.*”

The conductors of Hells, besides making a parade of as much gold as can be brought into the field, fold up their Bank-notes, from one to one hundred, in the most attractive and tempting form; and they are laid in admirable array on the table. Well do the Greeks know how to display their forces! so much so, that whenever *Henry Hase* is sent into the pocket of a pigeon, he may be considered as *on a voyage of discovery!* whence he is sure to return increased and multiplied to a certain extent. Some of the houses have notes issued by particular bankers wholly for their service. They find them more convenient than *Henry Hase*, being drawn for *guineas* instead of pounds.

## NOTE 5.

“ *There's N—g—nt's proud lord.*”

This nobleman, (with a worthy brother-in-law,  
Capt.

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Capt. A. and Mr. P. on each arm,) in common with many others, is what Greeks call a nibbler. He is angling for a large fish, or casting his net for a good haul, and has hitherto done fairly. The next stage, from being an amateur, is either to be a martyr, or to be made

“—————one of the brothers,
 “And then one can live on the fortunes of
 “others.”

There is no third course to steer, and we wish his Lordship success whichever road he takes; for however fluctuating fortune may be, she will end at last with the rook, or the pigeon.

Whilst on the subject of the fluctuation of fortune, we may observe that in *one* night the Hon. Mr. Pr—ur—se won £1,700, at 77, St. James's Street; lost £1,050 at King Street; and won, £1,500, at old Roubel's in Pall Mall. We also remember, many years back, Colonel H—nk—y, of the foot guards, losing considerable sums at Philips's and Wilder's,
 and

and at last breaking a bank, and coming off £700 in pocket. This gentleman, however, did not make his fortune that way; and £1,500 of his *play bills* are superannuated and unpaid, amongst many other demands disposed of in the same manner.

NOTE 6.

“*There’s H—rb—rt.*”

We saw this gentleman win £700 at a certain number 40, and we wish him joy of his bargain. We however very much think that he will find an *après* at last. It is not for us *here* to state the advantage of *that après* in the dealer’s favour, nor the *pull* which the bank has upon the punters; but all in *good time*. That will come out, *pour encourager les autres*, and to set the noble trade of greeking in the high point of view in which it deserves to stand.

NOTE

NOTE 7.

“ *Captain D—o—s.* ”

Who'll back the merry castor at hazard, or cry “red wins” at *rouge et noir*? Why the jolly Captain; for he won a lucky £900 at the *fortunate Office*, No. 40. Who after that, would stupidly put their money in lottery? Why you may have blank and prize sixteen times in a minute at these delightful places, severely *yclept* Hells. Men of fashion, however, do not consider them *below* notice, and many a man might drive his wheelbarrow, who now rides in his own coach, were it not for these *transfer offices of property*. On a more recent occasion, when the Captain lost £800 at the same house, drunken R— cried out *The officers! the officers!* and shut up the house to prevent the chance of his winning the money back again. Nearly the same circumstance occurred not long since with the M— of B—: in short, such is the known practice of the house. This is *honourable!* But who, besides nature's

ture's fools would expect honour from such a source ? After having risked so much to gain money, this black looking animal, half drunk and half mad, goes to the hazard table at No. 77, Jermyn Street, and becomes in his turn the dupe to as *gentlemanly* and equally successful plunderers.

NOTE 8.

“ *The odds will soon tame.* ”

No one but a Greek can tell what the odds are against the *player on the square*. The *après at rouge et noir* will help a young one to calculate it, and will in a little time tame any play *mania*. A partner in one of the *concerns* was about to build his carriage, and asking a *ci-devant pigeon*, now *naturalized* a Greek, what colour he should pitch on, he advised him to take *red and black*, and to adopt, as motto,

“ *Gentlemen make your Game;* ”

otherwise, in the plain vernacular tongue,

“ *Let them laugh who win.* ”

NOTE

NOTE 9.

“*And they'll soon be reduced to discounting their bill.*”

At all Hells, foreign and domestic, money lending and greeking go hand in hand; dealers, bankers, partners, and groom porters, (nay even livery servants *abroad*) lend money, and discount bills for those who lose at the table. This greatly *facilitates* play, besides *turning the honest penny* by the discount, or the present made to the accommodating party. But the biter is sometimes bit on these occasions; and some of the gaming houses can produce as many acceptances and promisory notes as would paper a drawing-room. We hear that a certain retired Greek will indulge in a whim, so well calculated to excite immense, painful interest and curiosity; and it may perhaps bring a *few to book* who otherwise would never remember to pay.

If this be the case, a certain No. 77. would sport a young heir to a Baronetey in *capiti libri*; and

F

old

old Roubel's executors might exhibit the Baron Geramb in a quarto of promissory notes, which *always promise to pay*.

What a character this Baron! A footman, or hair-dresser; next a *soi disant Baron*, married to a woman of fortune and family; then the favourite at Carlton House, a prototype for mustachios, military paraphernalia, and eccentric dress; at that time the arm companion of Princes and nobles, at another a bankrupt and an advertised debtor by *his own flag*, flying at Bayswater, to proclaim his house as his castle; at one time a frequenter of *Hells* and all fashionable circles, then *deported* by the alien-bill, and executed by Buonaparte, or rather by the newspapers; and now *all alive and kicking* as a holy friar!

NOTE 10.

“*Crawford Street W—e.*”

Before the infamous E—w migrated to France,
he

he had a beauteous associate in this street: her promiscuous favors were such, that it might fairly be said to her

“ *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa ?* ”—et cetera.

E—w, who had been her paramour, now performed a still more disgraceful character in her house; and, winking at her connections with the inexperienced admirer of her charms, could tamely witness their blandishments, provided the party could be turned to mutual account.

Many an unfortunate Amphytrion has been made the subject of *tête-à-tête* mirth to this dangerous couple! often have they laughed at the expense of the unwary admirer! but, never will it be forgotten, that, under this guilty roof, an easy, unfortunate and intoxicated man was conducted from a masquerade, primed with champagne, made to lose a large sum of money, and literally frightened out of his life; for it is a fact that shame for what he had done, domestic reproach, apprehension of loss

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of character, and the fear of a shot from the deprecator, who, in company with Mr. S—a, called at his door, to expose, bully and challenge him, so unmanned him, that he rashly put an end to his existence. This enchanting fair one, upon this occasion, turned King's evidence, having previously learned the trade of informer of E—w.

E—w, a reproach to the name of Greek, can practice that profession at one time, and sully the name of man at another, by betraying and informing against his companions and proselytes, uniting in one contemptible body, the seducer, the performer, and the informer. Little, however, did he suspect that his pupil would first practise on himself. Yet, in spite of all this, a baronet's son (not his bastard, like E—w), Mr. L—w, could take him by the hand, and advocate his cause in France, after this foul transaction!

To return to the lady: would it not be fortunate for the town if a flag by day, and a beacon by night,

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night, proclaimed to the incautious passer-by to avoid her allurements, and to fly her acquaintance, which is equally dangerous to friend and enemy; we were indeed happy to observe, at a late masquerade, that this notorious character was avoided, and “walked like contempt—alone.” We should pity the inexperienced youth who received this modern Pyrrha under the mask of friendship, who could gaze on her pernicious smile, or who could share the oblivious bowl with one, who, to use the softly flowing numbers of Anacreon Moore, would on trial be found—“A girl so fair and so deceiving.”

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NOTE 11.

Poor T—p, who has been a little out at elbows was what is denominated among Sheriffs’ Officers a shy bird. He resorted to many expedients to disguise his person: but was lately caught by one of the Jemmen, just as he was running under a coach in Bond Street, to get into —’s Hell incog. To

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give the Devil his due, T—'s disguise had passed with the Bailiff, but was seen through by the argus eye of a starch round-bellied powdered prig of a banker's clerk, not *Thomas à Kempis*. Greeks are not easily blinded: we know both who was the pilot, and whence he came.

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NOTE 12.

It is well known that in Italy nobles, when they have paid their servants' wages, will condescend to sit down and win the whole back again. This constitutes one of the arcana of maintaining a splendid establishment.

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NOTE 13.

*"Life and fair character, both are at stake,  
 "For every hit, and each trick which we make."*

The moment a man enrolls himself amongst the Greeks, he must lay his account to foul suspicion from enemies. Some have gone so far as to pin a gentleman's

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gentleman's hand down to a table, conceiving that he had a loaded die under it; and a little humpbacked Baron was thrown out of a one pair of stairs window at Bath, merely in consequence of having thirteen trumps, four honors, in his own hand, and being opposed to an ill-tempered partner. On that occasion he asked the advice of the famous Lord Chesterfield, who humorously told him, "to take care in future not to play so *high*" (alluding to his *fall* out of the window). These and many other examples prove that the ancient spirit of the Greeks is still necessary amongst their descendants; and, accordingly they all practice at an ace of diamonds, and keep good fire-arms.

What a hard thing it is if a lucky player should receive an insult, because, perhaps, he wins twenty games at whist running, or throws in sixteen times at hazard! This risk is greatly diminished by the possession of courage, a firm countenance, a stern air when necessary, a loud and commanding voice, and

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and the being a good shot. These, added to high dress, fashionable manners, mirth, a jovial song, but, above all, a title if possible, are almost invincible; for, betwixt attraction, amusement, the imitation of a man's superiors, respect for nobility, indecision and terror, the bold and adroit Greek must, in the long run triumph over his enemies. Besides, when a man has lost his money, he is very apt to be humble and civil; and, if he look foolish at so losing his cash, he will appear much more so, if bullied in the public streets, or caned by some hector of the trade.—Many, however, have fallen on both sides, on the subject of play.

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NOTE 14.

Rank plagiarism—"Alieni appetens, sui profusus."

Scriblerus.

NOTE

NOTE 15.

“ *So many are made.*”

This term means being made acquainted with the mysteries of greeking: *made*, or *put up*, are similar terms. Greeks have now multiplied so greatly, that a sign and pass-word have become perfectly necessary; else one brother might be poaching on the manor of another without knowing it; or they might be pitted against each other, in which case, the action and reaction being equal, a negative effect would be produced, and loss of time would be the consequence. There are, therefore, terms connected with the arcana of the art which familiarize brothers to each other. Besides, a dexterous Greek can easily see, by the way of a man's *working*, whether he is one of the *legs*, or not; and a slight and elegant motion of the hand will make the one known to the other. Without this, horrible mistakes would occur, and *honest* men would be cutting one another's throats.

A certain

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A certain high military character sat down to play with a Russian Prince, who introduced loaded dice. The *travelled* Englishman lost every bet ; for the Russian never missed his seven or eleven, and *modestly* threw only ten mains. The *supposed* pigeon then took up the box with fair dice ; and, having learned to secure, called different mains at pleasure ; threw in sixteen times ; won all the autocrat's ready money, and wished him good night ! Such is the effect of not knowing your man.

Touching the number of Greeks, we are credibly informed that *work* goes on in the drawing-room, the butler's-pantry, nay even in the stable ; that it is not unfrequent for my Lord to pick his visitor as clean as an oyster up-stairs, whilst his valet is *cleaned out* by the butler below ; and that some needy Greeks, when they could not pay their servant, *put him up*.

NOTE

## NOTE 16.

*"If the easter so merry have learnt to secure."*

We have already spoken of *securing*: it will, however, be necessary to say a few words more on this subject. The term implies making sure of what you throw, and securing a fortune if you get opportunities of playing to a sufficient extent; and, above all, if you take care to play with none but men who can and will pay.

There are, now a'days, a number of ill principled youths, who will play as deep as you please, but, if they lose any sum beyond what they find convenient, they will put off paying from time to time, and at last dispute the debt: at the same time, they would most willingly pocket whatever they could win. This class is considered by men of the world, as disgraceful both to Greeks and those who play on the square, to Jews and Gentiles, to rich and poor, *equites peditesque*, horse, foot and dragoons: all should conspire to cut such fellows. They have  
all

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all the dishonesty of the most determined *pigeon fanciers* without the talent, and no semblance of honesty about them.

*Securing* may be done two ways : the one by keeping the dice under your fingers ; the other, by looking at the numbers uppermost in the box before you throw your main. Should this be done clumsily, it will be discovered ; and then the Greek must be ready to shew fight. The non-payment gentleman should always be prepared for this, as an enraged and disappointed Greek is a dangerous foe, his motto being “ *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo* ; ” which, literally translated, means — “ playing Hell.”

To conclude : whenever a Greek hugs his dice-box tightly, or throws through his fingers, it is probable that he is about to *secure*. Should he throw what he calls, the chance is that he will throw it again ; and the man who sets him has a good chance of losing what he plays for. Therefore,  
if

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if a young buck be so *worldly* as to like to see his money in his own pocket as well as in the pouch of his opponent, he had better turn a deaf ear to : —  
 “ who'll back the merry Caster ” ? and like the frog in the song, he would not do very unwisely if having  
 “ ~~-----~~ got up in a terrible fright,  
 “ He took up his hat and he wish'd 'em good  
 “ night.”

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#### NOTE 17.

“ *With dice box and card.* ”

It has been an old, but erroneous opinion, that dice were more dangerous than cards, it being impossible to procure false cards: the contrary is however the fact; and a very illustrious French nobleman shewed a brother Greek a whole pack of cards imperceptibly marked on the backs, by which he and his friend or friends could tell every card that fell on the board. There is also such a thing as uncasing a new pack of cards, and pasting it up  
 G again

again so as to defy detection. What a good chance a man must have of winning of him who has thus *manufactured* the pack, previous to playing with them!

There are, moreover, a thousand clumsy tricks on cards, not worthy of notice, and which can only be played upon fools, such as the Frenchman, who is made to say, in a laughable *petite-pièce* at one of the minor theatres at Paris, that all trades having failed with him, he turned *Joueur*, but that, having unfortunately been found with fourteen queens in his hand, he was kicked down stairs, and his winnings taken from him: he adds,—“*Quatorze de dames!*” with the reflection—“*Les dames m'ont toujours été contraires:*” women always were my ruin!

We are informed that lectures on the art are given by *Broken Legs*; such fellows, however, are considered as *Contrabandistas* in the trade. But if any Gentleman has merit, good luck and exertion enough to get himself into his Majesty's prisons of  
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the Fleet or King's Bench, he will come out with some valuable secrets on this subject !

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NOTE 18.

*" Then the Coachmakers, Horse Dealers, Sadlers, and all."*

It is not generally known that a certain coach-maker who a short time since built only a few wretched gigs, has made a considerable fortune by the assistance he has derived from the taste, in coach building, of Sir J. L— who regularly attends even now, to lend his advice. The *title* does not *appear* in the firm !

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NOTE 19.

*" Down as a nail."*

This is one of the many cant, or slang terms, connected with gaming : it has the same meaning as being *up* ; and is known to many a young Greek, who has never read the Greek testament. Some-

thing very similar to this expression, was used by a Kiddy on an examination concerning a robbery; but men of high spirit, think it no derogation from their dignity to be acquainted with all the *slack* of the coachbox and stable, all the glossary of the fancy, and all the mysterious language of Scamps, Pads and Divers. For this reason, a knowledge of life must be desirable; and, if a man get familiarized with *low* life, he will necessarily be *up*, and of course have a great chance of being a *rising* genius: ergo, how proper it must be to know how to get a *rise* upon a fellow, or to get him in a *line*, "*cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*"

As to the term of being *down*: a learned Judge, examining a *flash* customer, or a *rum* one, asked him, "why he suspected the prisoner at the bar of stealing a watch?" (which *soit dit en passant*) is scientifically termed *nimning a taller*. "Why, your honor," said the flash man, "cause I was *up* to him." "What do you mean by being *up* to him?" replied

the judge. "Why, I was *down* upon him," added the witness. But, still perceiving the long robed gentleman's want of *nous*, he *explained* himself by saying, "that he *staggered* him, that he knew the "trick, and was *up* the moment the *chap* came into "the cock and hen club where he was taking his "*bub and grub*!" What a deal of trouble might have been saved, if the judge had been *up* himself! and what money and trouble must be saved by a man of fashion who is as *down* as a nail!

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NOTE 20.

"*Pen, ink and paper.*"

We are credibly informed that, at one of our celebrated hotels, a noble peer, who scarcely ever dined at home, was charged, amongst the items of his long formed, and probably long winded bill, seven shillings and six pence per diem for these articles: yet the worthy lord was not *a man of letters*! At other times, to diversify the charge, and to give

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a better

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a better colouring to the account, five shillings were charged for a lemon and sundries, and very properly; for "*Le non n'y fait rien.*"

NOTE 21.

"*Hint of a throw-over.*"

Throw-overs are many; but the most leading, and essential is, when a bet is to be decided, or when play is to take the very *opposite* turn to what was expected—when the favourite is to be beat, and one Greek to allow another to win, *because more can be got by it*. Some Greeks have spies to look out for a throw-over in any shape—at play, horse racing, pugilism, match against time, hubble bet or any thing; and secret intelligence is obtained on this head, by bribery and favouritism. Just as the same kind of espionage is used to find out a pigeon, by a pigeon-fancier; and no means, trouble or degradation are spared upon the enterprize, in the brotherhood, where one Greek will let
another

another into a good thing upon the equitable principle of reciprocity.

As there are some *workmen* and *decoys* far better than others, so also are there some *finders* far more able and industrious than others. A good finder, when he has got a plump bird, will go a journey of five hundred miles with him to gain his end; or live whole months on intimate terms, watching the favourable opportunity; or break lamps in order to be put in the same watch-house, and there play at the long straw, or toss up, or odd or even as a beginning to a *set to*; or even pretend to be arrested to get into the same sponging house with an heir, who, though in temporary embarrassment, may be a good object for a long winded bill, or a post obit bond.

In fine, servants, footmen, grooms, groom porters, money procuring attornies and even bailiffs aid and abet in these honorable transactions. A good finder is like a *Hamburgh leech*.

Non

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HORACE.

NOTE 22.

“ *Palming of Bailiffs.* ”

This is found a very *handy* thing for bucks who are, as it is fashionably termed, *much in the wind*, i. e. much indebted to their annuitants, bill-doers, and tradesmen. If these *taking* gentlemen who *follow* the law are so kind as to accept a bribe for letting a man of fashion go free, it saves a great deal of trouble; for perchance twenty detainers might follow one action, and then the *Exquisite* could not keep his assignations, or meet a man at a gaming table, or must forego his usual amusements; whereas if John Doe or Richard Roe should come decently and properly alone, he might be *palmed*, which acts as a veil over his eyes should he meet you in the streets, in which case he is not *obliged* to know you; or, in the worst of cases, it gives

give time to procure a good natured friend to be bail, — or a man of straw, if a departure be meditated.

Young men of spirit, always have a valuable acquaintance of a bailiff who can be of infinite service in cases of emergency. It is a common practice, likewise, for people in *life*, — we mean prime life, to make a round of visits to the lock-up houses on a Sunday, either to see friends, or to know what is going on against them, and by proper examination to find out, in the event of temporary confinement, the best table and cellar, for the benefit of the convalescent. It is also highly requisite for a Greek to have a friendly attorney, as well as a friendly sheriff's officer; in order to arrest his debtors, and to give undertakings to save him from the gripe of his creditors.

In short, money lenders, attorneys and bums, should follow exactly in this order: they all *play into one another's hands*, and the Greek can play both into theirs and into his own hands. There is nothing

nothing terrific *now* in the name of a *sponging* house : cards, dice, good wine and good company may all be had there, and a man is not obliged to stay there any longer than he likes : from the *sponging* house, he can have recourse to the more thorough *sponging* place, from whence he may come out as clean as a whistle !

N.B. A man's farrier, or the proprietor of the tavern which he frequents, is a very useful body for short bail ; as for instance, for demolishing a fellow's scone, punishing a coachman, or the like. Waiters and groom porters, nay even ostlers, should always have small sums to lend !

NOTE 23.

" No fraudulent Bankrupts."

A certain young gentleman, once high sheriff of a county, with a fine pack of hounds, stud of horses, &c. &c. recently appeared in the gazette among the bankrupts, as a dealer and chapman. Dealer
in

in what for God's sake? A queer story is afloat that he invited Mr. A. a friend and neighbour, to sup with him, made Mr. A. drunk, and in that state obtained his signature to a bond of £5,000,—then mounting a hunter, and taking the inclosures, reached a sea port, and in a few hours, landed in France, where he laughs at his victim, who, returning in the morning to ascertain what he had signed, learnt that mine host had been off for many hours—not known where! Surely this will not be construed dealing under the bankrupt laws!

Singular Advertisement copied from the Times Newspaper, 5th June 1817.

Cheshire. *Dukinfield Lodge*, near Manchester. I, *Samuel Newton*, of Ashton-under-Line, in the county of Lancaster, the messenger, under a commission of bankrupt, awarded and issued against *Francis Dukinfield Astley*, LATE * of *Dukinfield*,
in

* Is it meant to be understood deceased? If so, the writer knows him to be alive.

in the county of Chester, dealer and chapman, feel it my duty to the public to give this notice, that I have *seised*, as such messenger, the *furniture* and *effects*, *advertised* for sale at Dukinfield Lodge aforesaid, on the 11th June and eight following days, and that I shall deliver over the said goods and effects to the assignee or assignees, to be chosen under the said commission, and that I shall prevent the said sale of the said furniture and effects.

SAMUEL NEWTON

Signed in presence of J. Gibbon, solicitor.

Ashton-under-Line.

NOTE 24.

Sir H. M. The Hon. C. B. Lord ——. M. of H. C. S. M. of B. E. of W. Mr. M. of A., &c. &c. too numerous to specify.

NOTE

NOTE 25.

"He's off like a bullet."

Since the peace, a host of examples have occurred of French blustering, and of French want of *bottom*; whenever a discontented, humbled *demi-solde* Buonapartist got an opportunity of insulting a peaceable looking Johnny Raw, profiting of the reign of tranquillity to visit Paris. He would speak loud, erect himself like a cock on his own dunghill, and make the most terrific use of a set of mean and unimposing features to intimidate the novice.

To a very *young* looking officer of the army of *observation* (*occupation* we ought to have said), the fiery Gaul would attempt the same thing, particularly if the beardless youth, or the drunken dissipated adult were alone, or under the dread of exposing circumstances as to the *how*, the *where*, and the *when* the difference took place; but, if John

H

Bull

Bull were not taken by surprize, unawares, or ashamed of the scene of the quarrel, and if he coolly spoke of *to-morrow*, *pistols*, and a *friend* to wait on the *bobadil*, all ended in compromise, explanation, or excuse, and still oftener in giving a wrong name, or no name at all, and in not appearing at the meeting with *les armes à feu*. With the small sword, monsieur was generally at your service, on the conviction, in his own mind, of a superiority.

If instances of this kind had not frequently happened to military men, and to civilians, we should not have presumed to insert this note, nor the advice contained in a part of the foregoing poem—if so we may be allowed to call it,—the object of it being merely to make advice palatable, lessons amusing, and truths mirthful, bearing always in view the advice of old Horace who knew a good deal of life and of dissipation, and who says :

“ *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* ”

NOTE

NOTE 26.

"Old Cro's."

A cant, genteel and mild term for old *Escrocs*. In France, there are (as there are in England) divers names for gamblers. The French call this class, *des Grecs, des Arabes, des Crocs*, et cetera; we denominate them Greeks, Trojans, Rooks, Crows, Pigeon-fanciers, Workmen, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

There is as great and as agreeable a variety of practises as of names:—those who are up to every thing and those who merely know *a thing or too* on dice, card-markers, slippers and cutters, doers, decoyers, confederates and professors who enlighten others. There are meritorious *professioners* who can always win at tossing up, either by a little *handicraft*, or by a piece of money with the same impression on each side, which may be seen by *every one* on the floor, but *must* be picked up by *one*

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bold

bold friend, and ought not to appear too often, unless the *simples* see double.

There are others who *must* win at odd or even, or hiding the horse: in the first, by means of a very small piece of money concealed betwixt the fingers, and produced or withheld according to the *call*; in the second, by confederacy or conspiracy, which is not a *hard* term, for why should not two individuals *conspire* for a mutual *benefit*? and in all things the *learned* must always beat the unlearned, the many must be governed and yield to the *few*: it ever was so, and, we suppose, ever will be so — in policy, in law, in medicine, in commerce, in conjuring, in manceuvring and in *greeking*.

While on this subject we must beg leave to display our knowledge that greeking is not confined to the *public* houses. Many a lady and gentleman do a little business quietly and privately on their own accounts. There is a dashing bookseller with whom we have dined in good style, whom we would

would gladly caution against the *odd trick*, *toss up*, and *odd or even*. He may get blown upon, or at any rate try his own fortune, or his visitors' credulity once too often, and where even a pretty wife may only make matters worse! The Duchess of——, Countess of——, Lady——, and many &c.s. are lamentable examples dead and living of this fact! He is not without his *cue* at the billiard tables likewise. In short, he has several strings to his bow. Most sincerely do we hope the recognition and lesson which he will discover in it, may not be thrown away.

NOTE 27.

“*No chequer at billiards.*”

This practise, as well as *throw overs* and *doubles*, is an admirable and meritorious exertion of wit in the junta of Greeks, illustrative of their genius and talent, and very encouraging to young men who are fond of play, — it clearly demonstrates

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that it is a matter of indifference which way an unenlightened player may bet; so that he may save himself all trouble in calculation; for the chequer runs thus: — either side wins or loses at pleasure according as bets run; and the fierce antagonist divides the money with his opponent in the most *friendly* manner possible. In like manner, at a horse race, a milling match, or any other *gentlemanlike* sport, the favorite is made to lose, on account of most money being betted on him.

A *double*, however, combines more *ruse de guerre*; for you appoint a Johnny Raw to come and see a *flat done*, you kindly *let* him into a *good thing*, and he is quite *honest* enough to enjoy in perspective the pleasure of his thus acquired gains; 'till, at length, the tables are turned upon him, and he condoles with his friends on the *unexpected!* turn which the matter took: the conspiring Achivi of course walk off with their tongue in their cheek and sack the booty!

A maggot

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A maggot race is supposed by some to be the fairest match that can be devised ; but, even there, *manoeuvres* may be hit upon by an able Greek. There are such things as heating your plate which will make the animal run over the course in double quick time ; or unperceivedly dropping a few grains of snuff in your opponent's maggot's way, at which he will boggle and lose time. A very indifferent but very well intentioned Greek — Mr. Fl—tch—r, —who *broke down*, and is now no more, had a very *lively thing* which *run in his head*, and which he produced, and started for a hundred, practising the plate stratagem which succeeded to a *charm* ! The dashing bookseller mentioned in our last *fancies* that he can play at billiards too. Beware, young man ! Take our advice in good part and leave such pursuits. We know your circumscribed line of reading well. We do not require the inspiration of the Delphic Oracle to tell us that you will read this book. Who indeed will not read it ? We repeat

repeat, For your own sake, profit by the friendly advice which it contains!

NOTE 28.

*“ Pigeons and bones.”*

The wit of this line (for there is nothing like self praise) lies in the metaphor probably such as the reader never *met afore*. Stewed pigeons and broiled bones are favorite supper articles at Long's, Jaquier's, Stevens's, the Saint James's, the Hanover Square Hotel, and all houses where young gentlemen acquainted with the *savoir vivre* resort. In like manner, a Pigeon *thoroughly done*, and the bones or dice which afford the means of *doing him*, are standing dishes at a feast *à la Grecque*, and are the most nourishing part of the supper.

We are told, that a dashing Greek who excelled in the lateness of his hours, coming into a certain *prime* Hotel at two o'clock, and fearing that supper was over, asked the waiter “ Have they  
“ *done ?* ”

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“done?” “Oh! yes, Sir!” replied the *flash* waiter “they ’ve done him quite.” This mistake only caused a laugh, for Johnny Newcome above stairs was *cleaned out fairly*. Is it possible that the waiter had a *feeling* in the affair? A Frenchman would answer “*Ma foi, je n’en sais rien.*”

NOTE 29.

“*Bang.*”

The very genteel, tasteful and classical nickname or *nom de guerre* of a Cyprian. Time was when novel names, or terms derived from the Latin or Greek, were used for these ladies, and when epithets connected with Mythology were bestowed on the fascinating priestesses of Venus. We remember a Juno from her walk, a Flora from her occupation, three sisters—the graces, a Clementina, et cetera, et cetera: but now we hear, from the mouths of men of family, of *bang up* ladies and *swell* mistresses, and of *prime* ones, and *topping* ones,

ones, of first *raters* and *blowings*, *cum multis aliis*, too tedious to narrate.

Whilst on the subject of *noms de guerre*, it may not be improper to state, that Mademoiselle Mars is supposed to be a *nom de guerre*; that a certain Monsieur Cannon, bears a *beau nom de guerre*; and that the beautiful Grandvalles, and Grandevilles, and Beauprès, and Bellevilles, et cetera, et cetera, are—all *noms de guerre*,—like the *La Fleurs* and *La Tulipes* in the army of former days.

SKETCHES OF THE CHARACTERS

OF THE MOST

ILLUSTRIOUS GREEKS:

Lord H——y.

THIS is a proper Peer,* for he cannot only *vote by proxy*, but *play by proxy*, and he is a true gamester, for he has no *pride* at play, and was as happy and anxious in winning an unfortunate army sub's, or a *détenu* midshipman's twenty livres, when their fellow-prisoner at Verdun, as another man could have been in winning twenty pounds of one who could afford to lose that sum.

This

* A complete poetical licence, for he happens to be a commoner.—*Scriblerus*.

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This Peer even now employs the groom-porters at all the bells, to let him know when any new bird arrives. He instantly pounces on his prey. We could say volumes as to this interesting character; but we reserve him till we describe a *would-be* Greek, but real pigeon, of the same nest [in our *natural* history of the pigeons, immediately to be published]. The contrast of the two characters which we shall give at great length, will amuse our readers. That the Earl does not always win, the Epsom Races of 1817 and the following anecdote will prove.

A certain Nabob (India J——e by name) observed that the noble Lord was in the habit of offering a bet of ten to one, that the nine at Macao, which was treble the stakes, was not turned up. The Nabob prevailed on D——G——, M. P. a celebrated calculator, to make a computation of the chances, which being found considerably in favour of the taker of such a bet, the Nabob gave S——s sufficient credit at the club, and empowered

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powered him to take his lordship whenever he proposed it. The Earl consequently lost 2000l. when the Nabob, satisfied with his gains, told his lordship the grounds on which he acted.

It is some years since Earl R——c lost every thing he had in the world, to our hero, who most gallantly and liberally settled a portion on the amiable and beautiful Countess R——e, whom the breath of slander however has never blown upon. It is but a dangerous situation, though, for a female to be laid under such an obligation, by her husband's unhappy propensity, to a more fortunate man, of equal rank, age, &c. &c. with herself!

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*Sir T. E——w.*

This Greek is of Scythian origin. His ancestors were famous in war; and he himself was not less celebrated for achievements of another description. Like old Priam, he could boast of the number of his wives, and the extensive progeny to which

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he

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he had given birth. Magnificent, like all the ancients, in his habits and in his customs, he could set forward on an expedition, with as many wives and concubines as any sultan or prince of eastern domination; and he as frequently changed the reigning favourite of his choice. Gifted, for a long time, like Bacchus, with the title of "ever fair and ever young," he played juvenile pranks to a very *late* day, and signalized himself in gallantry from the drawing-room to the scullery; from which last situation a *piquante* foreigner was elevated to his society.

Unlike the common cast of Greeks, he did not owe his fortune to his own industry alone; but spent, at an early period of life, a very large patrimony, as well as what he acquired by one of his spouses. Expensive habits, however, and an extensive establishment, demanded no moderate revenue to support them; and our hero proved himself not unlike Catiline, by being *alieni appetens, sui profusus*. His success at games of chance contributed

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tributed not a little towards gratifying this passion, and towards defraying the charges of divers favourites, and *living* examples of his amours.

Sunk in circumstances at last, and though *late* yet *strongly* marked by the hand of time, he has "fallen from his high estate," and vegetates forgotten in the shade; with the *solace*, however, of having been father and husband oftener than it falls to most men's share to be, and with the *comfort* of having spent ten times as much as would now make him affluent; but, above all, with the mortification of having let slip many a lucky golden hour, now to return no more.

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Lord E ——— b.

This is a well *preserved* and *perfect* model of the Greek School—an *uncopied* original, and of course very valuable. We much wonder, therefore, that in the late exhibition we had not the pleasure of contemplating his jolly face, either in a *solo*, or

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with

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with his young companion by his side, like *Gaieté et innocence*.

Like *parous Iulus*, he may be said to have followed his noble and distinguished progenitor with *unequal step*—" *Sequiturque Patrem haud passibus equis.*" But however *unequal* his steps have been in *one way*, he has no *equal* as to some of the *steps* which he has taken as a *passenger* through life. Like many of the fanciful productions of ancient Greece, his statue is certainly whimsical, and a very portly figure ends in a very strange way; this has *set on foot* many a joke detrimental to the peer: but then, luckily, he has broad shoulders, and he can bear it all:—*plenty of face*, and he cannot be *put out of countenance*. Some ill naturedly cry, if they see him at a horse race or a cock pit, a milling match or a bull bait, a badger hunt, or in short at any of the *elegant* places of resort for the fancy,

" There

“ There goes old club footed

“ Mulciber booted ;”

others inurbanely call him the president of the *Greek CLUB* : some, who doubtless have suffered in some way by his Lordship, stupidly quote Ovid, and call him, very improperly,* *damnatus et exlex*, passing thus a sort of grammatical *outlawry* on him ; others make him *one* of the legs ; others a leg amongst legs, and others still a leg of all legs—*Gambado Gambadorum*.

Nevertheless, the Jockey Club and all sporting men, from the Prince down to the ostler and bottle holder, allow that few in his *walk* of life can beat him ; and so says mother *Wood*,—who, be it well understood, is neither a *wooden leg*, nor even a *broken leg*, nor one of our fashionable emigrants who has *taken leg*, nor a certain class who have given *leg* bail, but a very respectable well known *housekeeper*, very *greatly connected*.

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To

* Vide the Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses.

To be sure, it has been asserted that some mock modest females have flown from this comely Lord, whenever they *diskivered* his *cloven foot*; but this is pure scandal; for it is well known that "my Lord" is a woman's friend: ergo—this charge *falls to the ground*. And as to the bandying about "his" *style* being worse than his *gate*," and the story of Billingsgate and Hellgate and Newgate and *Crip-plegate*, and such like stale jokes, it has not affected the *good footing* which he always will be on with men of *taste*, and *bons vivans*. No man has better *spirits*, better *wine*, or better *humour* than his Lordship.

As a child's guide, he is rather unfortunate; and the *little ruffian* who formerly was a miniature *fidus Achates* has now deserted him, and is not allowed to go near him *for fear of his morals being spoiled*! His patron has, however, chosen another protégé for his *gigish* companion; and it is to be hoped, that he will be more faithful and mindful of past kindness

kindness than the last. This is an odd taste of the peer's ! But it looks so *innocent* to see puerility by his side ; and then it takes less room in a tilbury, and is more becoming the body *corporate* of the peerage, than to be squeezed by a varlet of a groom ; and then again *little* people can do *little* messages, and a lady can pat a child upon the head and return an answer so cleverly that upon the whole we do not blame my Lord for his selection of a companion.

To conclude—we hope that no envious remarks may have any weight with the noble Lord in question, but that he may have long life and *long* credit, and may, to the end of the scene, stick to the old maxim :

“ *Dum vivimus, vivamus.* ”

Mr. N——b.

I'm now beyond Dame Fortune's power :

The man that's down can fall no lower.

HUDIBRAS.

We were just about to give an account of this defeated Greek, when we learned that he had for a long time been lingering in poverty—in an hospital or a workhouse! the two preceding lines from Hudibras will therefore suffice for his history. This is an awful lesson for those who have not made hay whilst the sun shone.—The rest we pass over in silence.

Mr. E——w commonly called Captain E——w.

Beginning the world with fair prospects, this person got into the circle of all the play men and *elegants* of London. For a short time, he figured in the Light Dragoons; but his *rage militaire* was of short duration. He soon took to a more lucrative pursuit, and entered the *Greek cohorts*. Dexterous in their *manœuvres*, he succeeded to a great extent; but his extravagance and ambition being immeasurable, nothing sufficed to gratify these passions.

Artificial

Artificial as well as full of artifice, his person is the emblem of his mind,—*made up* completely to deceive. Paint, stays, false hair and assumed complexion, with borrowed feathers, and the *extreme* of fashion, gloss over his imperfect exterior, just as false manners, assumed consequence, and self bestowed rank, in life varnish over a base mind.

Independent of his play transactions, he has been the ruin of a number of silly unsuspecting young men of his acquaintance. One whole family, at the head of which is a most respectable naval character, has been beggared by his arts. He had the deceit and contrivance to induce Mr. G——, the son of the worthy Seaman, to join him in divers securities, and thereby completely ruined him. He also joined a certain Baronet and others in annuities to a considerable amount; and, as he had neither means nor prospects of payment, it may easily be guessed who discharged his share in them.

Amongst his many other resources for raising money, he adopted the infamous practise of informer;

mer ; and, after having seduced the minds of others, he extorted sums of money from them under the threat of exposure. But, as more has been said on this subject in one of our notes, we shall not enlarge further thereon. From Lord Sp—nc—r Ch—ch—st—r, he also received some thousands ; and there is something so mysterious in this transaction, that it has puzzled the most knowing on town to account for it.

With neither principle, nor prospect to pay, he likewise involved himself in enormous debt, from which an insolvent act relieved him ; and he ungratefully never even rewarded a poor fellow prisoner who supported him in sickness and almost in starvation. His conduct after his release from durance vile is also explained in a note, and is more, over too notorious to need a comment.

At present, he is the outcast of all the Greeks, a disgrace to all the Legs, and, as he never could be faithful to a friend or enemy ; he never can expect either esteem or pity from any human being. Miserably



rably reduced, he is a sad example to every one who may contemplate his deserved fate ; and should ever his *life, character and behaviour* be published, they will make a worse figure in history than his *birth, parentage and education*, the former of which he owes to the amorous connection of his frail Gallo-Hibernian mother with a Scottish noble.

The Honourable L—t—n—nt E——s.

“ To be so pestered by a popinjay ! ”

SHAKESPEARE.

How must the honorable descendant of an ancient noble house lament over his fall, occasioned not by an elephant, but by a mere mouse ! To be *cozened* by a boyish *cousin* ! to be defeated without *shewing fight* ! How unlike the ancient spirit of Greece ! Is there no virtue in the land, that such things pass ?

We cannot but lament to see the flower of British cavalry reduced to serve in *Greek light infantry* : it is a sad change ! This worthy brother of modern date has certainly degenerated from the ancient nation ;

nation; and, at his outset in life, has neither shown *force ni adresse*, or it would be otherwise with him than it is at present. We are told, that he now inhabits the shores of Gaul, and, with a view of touching the coal, we presume, has joined a new ally:—with what successs we know not. It is rumoured by some that a *miss*-understanding is *between* them: if so, no blame can be attached, except a slight violation of hospitality; for—

“ When a lady’s in the case,

“ You know all other things give place.”

We advise, however, our young friend to mind his *hits* in future, as there was a great want of skill and combination in this first campaign. A general should well judge his ground, his forces and his means, as also those of his antagonist, before he takes up his position. Hector, Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon, or Ulysses would never have attempted to levy contributions on a sterile land, nor have waged war with shadows instead of substances.

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We hope, however, that a bad beginning will make a good end.

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*The late G—n—r—l T——s.*

This general, like Ulysses, was more dangerous in the cabinet than in the field; and, like him, could boast of many feats “*quorum nox conscia sola est.*” He was considered as one of the most successful Greeks of his day; but his days were nothing to the present ones. Greek *tactics* have so much improved, that the old *mancœuvres* are seldom or ever made use of. One *ruse de guerre* which is attributed to the general, was—coming in late amongst a party of young men who were half intoxicated, and pretending to be arrived from a hard drinking party, taking a few glasses of wine, and then proposing play, at which it must be obvious that he had no very bad chance of winning. These schemes, however, are now thought little or nothing of.

The general left an immense property to his  
K daughters,

daughters, who all married titles, and who have paid dear for that honor : many an aching head and rent heart has contributed to the accumulation of the wealth of his family ; but the general had an admirable *sangfroid* and command of countenance, so that he lived tranquilly, and did not, like many of the brotherhood, come to a desperate or untimely end.—He is often quoted as a judicious player ; but his memory is not much respected, except by the birds of a feather ! If ever he lost at cards he would shut himself up, and, having a most excellent memory, play the game over again and again, until, with the same hand, he could insure a victory. He may rightly claim the merit of industry in his profession.

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*The Honorable M—rt—n E——h.*

When this bold bird took his flight, it was thought a bad omen for the fashionable tradesmen of the town ; and, previous to that, when a pigeon was near,

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near, he might certainly be deemed *un oiseau de mauvaise augure*. This gentleman, like another honorable commoner (B—rk—l—y Cr—v—n), is a first-rate *miller*; the former is most famous for *fibbing*, the latter for *flooring*; and they have alike *broke away* from their antagonists in very *fine style*, and *thrown many a customer over the ropes*. Their migration will not, however, put them *out of any of their friends' books*; and many will rejoice if ever they should *rally*. A fair one at York *May* regret the first honorable Mister; and many frail ones will feel the absence of the second.

M—rt—n E——h, from the boldness of his nature, his being a break-neck horseman, and the celerity of his movements, acquired (like a second Achilles) the appellation of *πρόδος οὐκός*.<sup>\*</sup> His *talents* are not of gold or silver; but he has many which might fit him for the *ci-devant* administration *Talentorum omnium*; and, if his name be not improperly

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bestowed,

\* Swift-footed.

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bestowed, his *talons* are to be feared a little, so that an opponent might rather come off with a *claw* than with *eclat*. But to return to his *talents*: his annuitants and creditors have decidedly placed him amongst their *Men of Letters*; for of late they have received nothing else from him. In like manner, this *youth of promise* is celebrated for *drawing*, but whether *bills* or *corks* we leave to the judicious reader to determine; begging leave merely to observe, that if to *bear* and *forbear* be meritorious, why not to *draw* and *redraw*, nay even to *withdraw*, as so many of our youth of fashion have done of late? Next, Mr. M—rt—n E——h is a poet, and an improvisatore, and deals six times as much in rhyme as he does in reason.

Lastly, he is a perfect Achilles in the hastiness of his temper, and as desperate a player as ever tried it. At Brussels and Paris, his whole life was consumed at gaming tables; and, however great his losses, nothing deterred him in his rage for play.

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play. The cunning Greek never *plays* but when it will *pay*; but bold Achilles is at all times in the ring—*pay or play*. How his *chère moitié* bears his absence, and whether the tremendous frown, irritated temper, and altered countenance of this modern Achilles frighten her, on his return from the unsuccessful board, we know not; but it must be a difficult task to smooth that brow into a smile; and we must say, that (except when winning, for he too has his *winning ways*) he is the worst tempered player we ever knew. So thinks the *Salon Français*; and indeed it has, upon the whole, a poor opinion of our gambling nobility and gentry.

The cause assigned for the migration of this hero is, that at *certain* seasons *certain* birds always do migrate, and that change of clime is *absolutely necessary* to their constitution. From the northern climates, tender birds wing their way in a southern direction; but this septentrional bird found even Britain too hot to hold; whilst the A. B.'s and

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X. Y.'s agree that, as a *man of letters* and a *poet*, none of his *flights* of fancy have been so successful as *this last*. We know a great many bucks who are residing at Geneva and in Italy, for the benefit of their health; but we much despair of their *improvement*, having generally perceived that a peerage, a seat in parliament, or a huge legacy was the only radical cure for their *disorder*.

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*The late C—l—n—l Y———k'o.*

The colonel was more like Ajax than Ulysses, for he was no great *dab* at a speech, but was personally brave enough. Although he was no bad hand at a dice-box, yet his *fort* was the turf, on which he won considerable sums. He had the luck, by mere accident, to meet with a horse whose animal powers excelled any one of his day; and the colonel, who was a good judge of horse flesh, purchased him accordingly, and made a fortune by him.

Some people attribute the colonel's fortune more  
to.

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to a *mare* than a *horse* ; but be that as it may, he made a good thing of both. At a time when he was on the *Pavé*, his animal powers, like those of his Bucephalus, attracted the eye of a female amateur, who was a very good judge in her way, and who after having been a noted Cyprian retired upon her fortune, enjoying *Otium cum dignitate*. The colonel found out the secret of *bothering her heart*, and of bestowing his person on her property, which, *soit dit en passant*, is fair enough ; for, when a gentleman has neither land nor houses to engage, *personal security* is as much as can be expected. The Colonel and the *ci-devant* beauty and ex-cyprian lived very happily, and attained a good old age.

Count was a *nom de guerre* given to the colonel ; but, like many counts whom we find at watering places—at Spa's, at Brussels, and at all places of fashionable resort on the Continent, he was one of the *Contes qu'on fait*. To the strong accent of his country, he added a great deal of good humour, which

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which made him pleasant, and assisted him to go through his work cheerfully and easily. He left a moderate property and a fine stud of horses, neither of which he owed to ancestry or inheritance, but which of course, as it ought, made him feel very independent ; and, as far as entailed property was concerned, he might boldly have said, in the language of a very celebrated Greek,

“ *Nam genus et proavos,*” et cetera.

The Colonel was no *line* officer ; but, taking his device from Horace, he might have said, “ *militia est potior.*”

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*The facetious Joe Y——k.*

Captain Y——k, Major Y——k, or Mr. Y——k, whichever you please, is the merry caster here alluded to. He is “ a Gallilean, and his “ tongue betrayeth him ;” but an uncommon noisy humorous fellow he is. His brother was one, not of the “sweet singers of Israel,” but of the Roman school,

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school, whilst Joseph (not Mrs. Potiphar's friend) has the merit of having preserved the music of the *Greeks* in the most fascinating purity :—it would do your heart good to hear him, *he draws out such notes*. Some folks, (Lord P—rt—rl—ngt—n perchance amongst the number) think the pleasure too expensive ; but that only proves their bad taste. His half-pay brings him in *to the tune of*—what ? a mere trifle : but his talents and conviviality are resourceful beyond description.

We remember him, a quarter of a century (almost) ago, a very fresh-coloured ensign, on the half-pay of an infantry corps ; and he played the devil with a *gull* of an alderman's son in the life guards, who lost three thousand pounds no one knows how, and no one can tell to whom : but silly Billy either did not pay at all, or gave some small compromise, although bullied a few times by the parties. Many years after this transaction, Mr. Joe got into the very regiment in which the aforesaid *gull* formerly served : the party is now defunct.

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than this worthy Trojan ; born of no very high house and educated abroad as a surgeon, he owes his *entré* into high life, and his having frequently figured with carriages, horses and a handsome establishment, to his own personal merit.

It is rumoured that his sire kept a snuff shop, which may or may not be the case ; but certain it is that he was often enough *put to a pinch*. He was at one time overtaken on the route to Brussels with his wardrobe tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and *promenading* on foot the whole road. At another time, he was met in Saint James's Street, driving his own curricule followed by two grooms, his lady following, not on a *pony* (so that it was not *pone subit conjux*) but stuck up in her own carriage, and having at the same time a very stylish house in town and country, and a stable full of good cattle.

At one period, we remember this Pius Æneas supported by an admiring Dido, the former mistress of a great naval character, which fair fond one our
Trojan

Trojan deserted in the same unkind manner as Dido was left by the hero of Virgil. Previous to this, our hero was a militia subaltern, and contrived to make himself at home, very popular with the Duke of R——: he shone also in private theatricals: and he has *le talent de la société*.

Having run out a little at the close of the *avant dernière guerre*, he retired to France during the short peace; and was, in common with many others, a *détenu* at Verdun. During this confinement, his treasury was completely exhausted; and he owed his re-establishment of finance to a speculation, not *en vain*, but *en vin*, which set him up, and put him *in spirits*.

Since then, he has retired from the *busy scene*, and was, a little time back, living quietly at Paris, not however wholly forgotten, since many who have found him a *dear* friend have cause to remember his *winning* ways, the *taking* “*Je ne sais quoi*,” which makes him so agreeable, and the plea-

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santry of his conversation—for all which they have paid.

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The late C—l—n—l N——m.

The Colonel is no more.—What a loss! what a blank in society! how will the *rooks* and *crows* hover in sepulchral honour over his tomb! how will the fair votaries of pleasure, the beardless Greeks, his admirers, deplore his fate! how will solicitous creditors, disappointed duns, and enquiring bailiffs weep and gnash their teeth! what will his Patroclus say! how will the pigeons rejoice! He is gone—than whom none, no—not Codrus himself, was worthier to be *King of the Greeks*—a princely fellow! a proud fellow! a prime fellow!

What chief who has ever visited the noble banks of the Ganges, and revelled in Oriental splendour, could better fill his situation? He was invincible; he beat often Greek and Trojan, Jew and Gentile;

the tribes of Israel were *tributary* to his power, and the northern nations owned his eminence; he overthrew Pharaoh's legions, and levied subsidies on the learned and unlearned; nabobs poured out their treasure before him, and West India planters were but a breakfast to him; recruits in the army he has sent to the *Fleet*, and the inhabitants of the *Fleet* he has sent to the d—l. In precept and example, in enterprize and execution, in word and in deed, he was a man!

Alas! gallant Greeks, we ne'er shall look upon his like again; and yet, in spite of all, he neither attained old age nor riches. Read and weep, brethren. Thus it is, that

“Plectuntur achivi.”—VIRGIL.

Dick D——e!

This Greek embarked in life with a prosperous gale; he won all before him for a time; and some say that all his *cards* were *trumps*. Here, however,

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they were wrong, for the cards went at last against him. He had more *tricks* than *honors*, which made him go through some hard *rubs*. He *shuffled* for some time; but was at length obliged to *cut*, on account of *dropping* a brewer in a duel, who found it *go against the grain* to pay what he lost.

The *game* was now nearly up with him; but he met with a good *partner* in a northern baronet, resident then (many years back) near Calais; and they *played into one another's hands*. How they *dealt* is best known to themselves; but it is supposed that they *won* a little. It nevertheless had nearly been *dicky* with Mr. D——e; and he was much afraid of being *kept in an awkward state of suspense* on account of the dealer in malt and hops; but in time the tale became as *stale* as any of the brewer's ale or beer; and Mr. D——e came back to Britain.

His day was over; he never recovered his absence; and, in spite of the best inclination possible

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to make money, he died neither rich nor respected. —The brewer's heir and successor, by the bye, is now ten times more *frothy* than his predecessor; and we hope he will avoid his end.

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*Sir W. L——m.*

It is not twelve months since a baronet (I don't say a Welch one) was invited over to Boulogne, which is a convenient SMUGGLING station, by a *brother Greek*, to pluck a *pigeon*, who being completely inexperienced with the deceptions of the gaming table, though well inclined to greeking himself, easily became a prey to the titled *sharp*, who relieved him in a few hours to the tune of two thousand pounds, if not more, in post obit bonds.

The Greek, who gave the invitation to his friend to try the French coast, has been an officer in a regiment of cavalry, of what rank is not certain; but, from being called captain, in the short time of a trip across to Dover, he found it convenient to

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*promote*

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*promote himself* to be colonel, leaving a wife and children to lament his attachment to a frail fair who accompanied him. Since then, this elderly Anacreon has found it convenient to change his *travelling* companion, and fearing the old trick of *crim. con.* has removed the fat and convenient partner of his travels to Vienna, when with the dignified appearance of a general (there is no knowing how high self-elevation may rise), and the calm composure of a saint (such is the effect of countenance) he is quoted as an emblem of chivalry and of conjugal affection!!!

It is inconsistent to suppose that men of the *Greek class* can have humanity, however their rank in life, education, and professions of morality and honour may dazzle the world, as the following instance of the humane feelings of the *worthy* baronet will prove. The son of a general officer, who had been pigeoned by this same Greek, from a consideration of the distressed situation to which he was reduced, made a desperate attempt to destroy himself.

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self. The wounded state in which he was found, and the depressed state of his finances, obliged him to go to an hospital. The friendly assistance of some of his countrymen contributed for him a few pounds, which being deposited at a banker's for his sole use, the baronet, with the eye and rapacity of a hawk, took the opportunity of reminding his *victim friend* that there was some part of a debt of *honour* remaining unliquidated! and had the address or rather cruelty, to obtain from him, although then laying in the situation of a pauper, an order for the greatest part of the money, which was so charitably intended for his use!!! This happened not a hundred miles from the opposite coast of France.

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Mr. S——l.

On the head of *Cambrians*, of whom, from the story of the ancient baronet of that country, we have had a pretty good specimen, we must also name a Mr. S——l, the *spes gregis* of a mountain-landholder.

landholder. This *respectable* character has scoured the French coast in the great coat of a military man, out *Greeking* and ruining a Jew, *securing* and cheating at hazard, drawing bills with a *certainty* of non-acceptance, and entering into speculations with the anticipation of dishonor. He has left a wife to deplore his ill fame, more than to regret his absence; and he has disunited himself very *unceremoniously* from a master of the *ceremonies*. How he may end, we know not; but the safest way would be to *return*; for the French call all *loose* transactions *escroquerie* (swindling) and the law *there* is *indefinite* on that head.

*Sir William Mansel, Bart.*

If the Sir W. L——m, page 119, is intended for me, I most solemnly protest, so help me God ! that the description has no truth in it whatever. There was, at Boulogne, the son of a general officer, Mr. ——, in the Hospital, who tumbled off the ramparts ; but I was not at Boulogne at the time, nor did I, so help me God ! ever see Mr. —— at Boulogne, till after his accident. He never had a subscription made for him, nor did he want it, as his mother, Mrs. ——, of ——, remitted him what money he required. I refer the author of the Greeks to Captain ——, Mr. ——'s brother in law, at —— or to —— himself ; for, if these were my last words, I never, directly or indirectly, played with Mr. ——, at any game whatever, nor did I ever see him play there.

The

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The officer of cavalry inviting me over to France, is as direct a falsehood as the foregoing ; nor do I, so help me God ! understand the allusion. I solemnly again protest, that I never, in my life, saw Mr. ——— in France, till after his accident : and I brought him over to England.

WILLIAM MANSER,

22nd July, 1817.

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*Richmond, Tuesday Evening, 22nd July, 1817.*

Sir,

I have seen Captain ———, who married Mr. ———'s sister, and he intends calling on you to-morrow. I inclose a letter, which I will thank you to deliver to Captain ———, to forward to Mr. ———

at

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at Brussels, I send it to you to read. Should Captain —— not call on you to-morrow, please to inclose it to Captain —— at —— . He will tell you, that Mr. Hardacre was the cause of Mr. ——'s embarrassment, and I am this moment under acceptance for Mr. ——, to whom I have ever proved myself to be a friend, *never his enemy*—well known to his family.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

WM. MANSER.

*To Mr. Stockdale,*

BOOKSELLER,

*Pall Mall, London.*

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The publisher, anxious to repair any injury, real or supposed, as far as is in his power, submits  
Sir

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Sir Wm. Mansel's statement without comment. He thinks it right to add, that Capt. ——— did call, as was anticipated, and fully confirmed every statement of the honourable baronet. The publisher has withheld the names of the parties, from a fear of re-opening domestic wounds, which have already given sufficient pain to a worthy and highly respectable family.

THE  
FASHIONABLE HOUSES.

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AS this little poem is designed to be a child's guide, and will be followed by one entitled "the Pigeons," we shall abstain from naming certain persons, who may more properly come in there. As an assistance to young men who have good taste enough to wish to cultivate the Greeks, to see life, to spend their fortunes, and to take a peep into the *Pandemonium* of play, we just subjoin the most handy places of resort, and where not only a *pigeon* may be plucked, but gentlemen may be accommodated with *chicken*.

Of *hells* in general, it may be said that they are *infernally* productive, since Mr. T—l—r finds that the banking business is nothing compared to these money mills, and since so many fortunes have

been made from them. Who would think that a man could *rise* from one of these *lower regions* to a seat in Parliament? or that high military rank could be purchased by "The colour's red"—"Gentlemen make your game!"

Major General R——w, M.P. thus got his high promotion and his seat in the British Senate; for his papa was a mere labourer (a carpenter we believe); but progressively (and in a very odd way too) he got a little money, which placing in a hell, of which he was proprietor, he soon purchased an estate, and bought his son on in the army. Many other instances, too tedious to mention, have occurred of fortunes thus made.

By a house of fashionable resort being called a club house, the proprietors are enabled to exclude *wolves in sheep's clothing*, i. e. spies and informers; for, by taking a mere trifle as a subscription, you get a knowledge of the subscriber, whether a *good man and true or not*; and being entered in a book,—before he  
can

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can turn over a new leaf, he may be turned to good account.

Where the houses are not really, or apparently, club houses, large sums are often paid to police officers, as well as to more imposing informers, who contrive to introduce themselves. Bob H—ll—w—y, pretty well knew this, as he was literally in the pay of all of them, of which more may be said in time and place. Hush money varies according to the magnitude of the concern, from £250 to £1,000 per annum.

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No. 77, ST. JAMES'S STREET,

NICK-NAMED THE TWO SEVENS.

Firm—Messrs. T. C. C. T.

Here is a *rouge et noir* table ; the best possible treatment may be depended upon, as well as great civility

civility and great circumspection in not lending money but to well known people. The firm attends very constantly, and a certain lawyer watches most attentively the transactions of the house. The bank won't set you above £50: this is the common plan; and it gives a decided advantage to the bank, as the loser has less chance of bringing himself back, than if play was unlimited as in France. Upon the whole, the French first rate gaming houses beat our hells hollow, and they are carried on upon a much more extensive, handsome and attractive plan; but 77 has that

“ Within which far surpasseth show.”

HAMLET.

They are scurvy about refreshments here, and very apt to grumble if a customer have a run of luck. On the other hand, however, a Prussian Officer not very long ago made a devil of a row about losing a very large sum, but all in vain.

Cerberus,

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Cerberus, who waits at the door, has a particularly watchful eye, and a rare nose for a police officer. Mistakes, however, have occurred.

The produce of this bank, (which Paddy B—— calls the devil's exchequer, whence you get neither principal nor interest) furnishes carriages, town and country houses, with all the luxuries of life; and may perhaps one day send a member to Parliament, or a General to the field, like Mr. R——w's concern: no house can have a better chance, as no house is better situated for the purpose. We would however advise the dealer to be less slovenly and liable to mistake than he is.

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Opposite this house is a hazard table which never opens until midnight, and is attended by the ultra-royalists and officers of all the regiments of guards, horse and foot, besides decided amateurs.

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**BENNET STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—CORNER  
HOUSE — RED BAIZE DOOR — called A CLUB  
HOUSE.**

*Firm—Messrs. Fielder, Miller and Carlos. Formerly  
Fielder, Roubel, Miller, and Co.*

This is what is called a topping house, where high rank and title resort. We mentioned in the poem the luck of a certain duke's son there ; and, of late, there has been a lucky run in favour of the frequenters of the bank—but *lauda finem*.

The noble Marquess, on the night that he lost the money at No. 40, which was closed against him, went full charged with the Tuscan grape and attacked poor Fielder, *vi et pugnīs*, and at length was necessitated to leave this house also.

Here all things are in a very high style, served on plate, et cetera. It is supposed that the customers' specie is melted down to furnish this luxury, which is reversing the ordinary plan. It is commonly the family plate which is melted by the games-  
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ter into specie; but here it is the current coin which is molten and shaped into salvers, waiters, et cetera. This is, however, all in the way of business; for we have heard of parson's wives having silk gowns made out of burial scarfs, and we know a presbyterian minister who has converted mourning rings into a splendid piece of plate. Therefore, why should not these conveyancers of property convey a portion into their wives and mistress's pockets or *ridicules*, and transform guineas into gold snuff boxes, or crowns et cetera, into a service of plate.

The receipts of these houses are immense; and we know the wife of a proprietor of a hell, not an hundred miles from St. James's Palace, who was so majestic in her deportment, and so magnificent in her attire, that she gained the name of *Proserpine*.

The neighbourhood of Bennet Street is very convenient; and if a pigeon be refused admittance on

the score of not being known, and receive the *stale answer*—"Sir, this house is open only to the gentlemen of the club," he has only to go down St. James's Street into the Square, or to Pall Mall, and he will find accommodation all the way: the descent is *easy* even to the most intoxicated dandy or guard-man, who will experience the truth of the "*facilis descensus Averni*."—VIRGIL.

A schism has recently occurred here respecting provision for a mistress, of which more hereafter.

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NO. 10, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.—A *low* House,  
HUMOUROUSLY CALLED THE *Pigeon-hole*.

*Firm*—Abbott, Watson, Davies, Fearlove, Leach,  
and Holdsworth.

This snug little *trap* is doing remarkably well. *Fama volat*, that it has netted thirty thousand within twelve months! Whether the exact sum, in so very small a time, be true or not, we cannot pretend

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pretend to say ; but we know that a great deal of work is done there.

A certain little Doctor is a great friend (we do not say a decoy) to the house, and of course a great favourite. There are many links to this chain ; and a good bill would be done there, or an I. O. U. taken from *gcm'men* of respectability.

There is, however, a *littleness* about the concern, both outside and inside ; and your topping Greeks prefer a larger scale of establishment. The firm notwithstanding goes on slow and sure ; and there is no saying what they may realize with time, brisk trade and good customers, although great complaints are made of emigrations to France, the insolvent act, and the want of *honor* in the young men of the present day. The north country dialect is here spoken in perfection.

One of the firm is *Abbot* of a religious establishment of a somewhat different kind. It is a *nummery*, to which confessors are of course admitted at the

usual hours, on the terms, to use a sporting phrase of play or pay. This Abbot is said to be worth nearly a hundred thousand pounds. "Two strings to my bow" is his suitable motto, for he has a wife and family also.

He is more *parsimonious* than abstemious, as befits the order of which he is the worthy principal, and of which we shall furnish a ludicrous instance. He felt disposed one evening to relax the rigidity of his monastery with a beautiful Circassian slave; but this he could not *decently* accomplish for less than a twenty shilling Henry Hase. Now how to gratify the double desire of possessing the fair and saving his money! He was extricated by a most delightful thought, and he accordingly sat down to play against his own firm for *one pound*. Oh! what a slippery jade is Fortune! Luck was against him, and he rose IN DEBT to the bank little short of £500. His junior partners, however, most liberally (it is said) took the entire case into their
serious

serious consideration, and FORGAVE HIM THE WHOLE DEBT! What other house can produce an instance of such splendid munificence? *Credat Judæus Appella, haud ego!* Lieut. N——g, R. N. has lately extracted from the house above £2000. They would almost as soon see the devil as the Lieutenant, for fortune has never deserted him hitherto :—but even this, like a fire to insurance offices, or a large prize in a lottery, is not without its good effects! It is, after all, baiting with sprats to catch salmon.

To Mr. Holdsworth quitting a neighbouring hell under most respectable circumstances, POCKETING a trifle of what is so easily gained, can, he thinks, be no very great harm. However it now became absolutely requisite, that he should do business on his own account, when circumstances utterly prevented his doing it on the account of others. Papa Leach advanced the needful, and he is, as we see, one of this firm.

Perhaps

Perhaps Mr. Watson may have some recollection however imperfect, of Messrs Crook and Co. of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, his old masters. We may probably, at a future opportunity, assist the elucidation of some occurrences in that quarter. We believe that Mr. Crook never speaks of him with any particular respect! It was here that Mr. S——p D——s lately won nearly £5000 of Crockford, Kelly, Lavisne, &c. It is a great chance if they have not obtained their revenge ere this.

A singular escape was recently sustained here by Major A——y. He is not only a man of mettle, but of *metal*; in plain English he has money, and was allowed partial success, *pour encourager les autres*. We only *suppose* that arrangements were made for his next appearance. All were silent and ready. The anxious moment arrived—St James's Clock struck nine, the customary signal to begin—Yet he had not arrived: therefore it was not thought

thought advisable to commence operations. The company loudly expressed impatience and offence at waiting for any one. The house conceded, and lo! the cards were dealt—when to the astonishment and dismay of the company there were *fifteen trente et un et après* in one deal! wonderful! *mysterious chance*! The Major entered at this critical moment and took out his well stored pocket book; but when he learnt what had happened and saw his narrow escape, he coolly returned it to his pocket, saying, as he retired, “I will never enter a house where such a *chance* has happened!!”—We need not be surprised at the sum which **THIS** firm is said to have cleared.

They affect to carry their heads high, and to despise common menaces, saying, that **THEY** have the countenance of the Hon. Messrs.—, sons of a high and most esteemed legal character.

**MR. LEACH'S, No. 6, KING STREET,
ST. JAMES'S.**

Is a particular snug and quiet shop, and the name of the proprietor is singularly appropriate. Is not such a neighbourhood very dangerous for the education of a weak pretty girl? It is so near King's Place!—

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**THE ELDER DAVIS, No. 10, KING STREET,
ST. JAMES'S.**

Is but a small affair recently opened. It gets on.

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No. 40, PALL MALL.

Firm—Messrs. Rouhel, Fuller, and Hewelson, formerly Rouhel, Fielder, Miller, and Co.

Parlez-moi de cela! a Frenchman would say directly on entering this establishment. It is more *à la Française*, and of course more of a gambling house than any of the others. The firm are good judges

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judges of these matters, and *do things* in very good form.

There is great variety ; and the addresses of some lovely frail fair ones may be had. This is an equal advantage to Greek and pigeon—Tros Tyriusve. Besides the “sprightly dance they dearly love,” and dull Sunday don’t stand in their way as in other places, to impede *this* and *other private* amusements. Here also they have borrowed from the continental manners.

This concern is a thriving one also, although a prodigious hoax was practised on them the year before last, when thieves, in the characters of police officers, led on by an “alien” disguised in the habiliments of officers of the foot guards, introduced themselves, and carried off all the cash, to the great discomfiture of the party, and to the alarm of the respectable visitors there assembled. Colonel N——g went off like a shot ; many forgot to *take their change* ; and some young bloods were thought to

to have taken more than their change : it was a delicious scamper. The Argus-eyed attendants have been more vigilant ever since ; and a dark-looking man in a great coat, or other suspicious habit, is very much watched.

The gem'men of this bank are men of good taste in every thing, preferring the *piquante* charms of a mistress, to the tame and tepid mawkish mixture of matrimony. One individual, like a true *anti-republican*, has passed a *non-intercourse* bill with the *United States*, where (at New York) Madame is allowed to remain ; her duty being better done by proxy, by a mistress in folio, who is an able *smith* at forging love's fetters. She ought, however, to be only a *sleeping* partner in this concern ; for when she opens her mouth, the charm is broken. When silent, however, her countenance is really *beautiful* ; and, when accompanied by a couple of *pigeons*, would serve as no bad emblem for an *em bon point Venus*, drawn by *doves*.

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However *dashing* it may seem, and however gratifying to female vanity, the public salutations, particularly of characters so conspicuous as officers of the life guards, when on royal duty, were better omitted. Surely we shall be well thought of for this friendly caution ! The Hibernian General S——v seems the prime favourite with Madame, and neither one nor the other appear at all ashamed of the predilection. He is a fine strapping fellow, measures two and forty inches across the loins, and is, we doubt not, a pleasant sociable companion in every way. Madame is no bad judge in these matters. She has her Paris, her Adonis, her Narcissus, her Mars, her Jupiter *tonans*, her Hercules, who made her a *woman*, aye, and her glorious Apollo.

We felicitate the town on this establishment : it is the most attractive to the Greeks, and the most expeditious to the pigeon who wishes to be soon *done* ; for what will not women, play and good

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cheer effect. Here, if a man escape one way, he must be sure to fall another; and it may be observed, that the adventurous youth may tell his tale in a small compass—

“*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*”

We hear that something of a schism exists among the proprietors of this house. It is too good a thing, however, to break up.—While on this subject, we would ask Mr. Miller, whether he and George Shade, the printer, did not bamboozle — and — and — and — out of a roundsum, on the suppression of a certain pamphlet?

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The Bee-hive, although noted for its industry, is not so fashionable of late, and has lost *Jacq honey*, who is upon his travels.

The Lisle Street, Panton Street, and Covent Garden *hells* are *below* notice, compared to those foregoing ones, so near the court, and enjoying such *deserved* celebrity.

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**71, PALL MALL.**

*Firm — Taylor, Phillips, and Lowe.*

The ex-banker of Southwark, we apprehend, finds his connexion with Mr. Phillips more lucrative than that with Sir M——B——. Much might be said on this establishment; but we have our reasons for not entering into detail at present. Mr. Phillips has been abroad, and consequently gives himself the airs of a travelled man; sets up for an homme d'esprit; fancies himself clever, and thinks he may be mistaken for a gentleman.

Oh! formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!

We have not done with you. We remember Sir John Lade. Of Captain Lowe we shall only say that he deserves a better fate.

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**SUNDAY HOUSES.**

Our moral readers may start at the designation of this department; yet common-sense will tell them,

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them, that as the Sunday houses are but few, their profits must be the greater. Don't tell me about religion, morality, decorum, &c. Those who hear *gentlemen* express themselves in these sinks of corruption, will at once discover that they are men of the world, who can adapt their conversation to their hearers !

First under this head is

77, JERMYN STREET,

*George Smith, George Pope and Co.*

The scenes which nightly occur at this house beggar all description. It is a hazard table, where the chances are little in favour of the uninitiated player. The first proprietor is low in stature as in breeding, a corpulent, self-sufficient, strutting, coxcomical, irreligious prig. Mr. P. is a respectable, decent, modest personage enough in his way. He is humble, and is forced to succumb to the other, who is the monied partner. Many tradesmen,  
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broken, breaking, or in the *right way*, honor this house with their presence. G. H—, W—, B—d, H—l, T—r, &c. They will see that we know a thing or two! This house not being large enough for its trade, the proprietors have opened another house in St. James's street.

### OLDFIELD, BENNET, AND CO.

*27, Bury Street.*

Mr. Oldfield is not a well proportioned man. He has red hair, and soon betrays his dunghill origin. He is a pragmatikal, bloated, officious, flippant coxcomb, with the tout-ensemble of a waiter.

At the Sunday houses, Mr. Kelly, proprietor of the public rooms at Cheltenham, which are not sufficient for him, is a steady hand, and being a stout stentor of an Hibernian, keeps all his comrades in great awe. He, like Lord Y—, frequently  
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plays by deputy; but that is only for small sums.

However, like the bear in the boat, of Gay,

Y “ — He thought there might be picking,

“ Even in the breast-bone of a chicken.”

Bennet of Jermyn Street is tall and robust, with black hair and eyes, and a rather blue beard;—and as for Crockford, “ Do you know me? Excellent well! You’re a fishmonger.”

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In addition to the many *stationary* hells in winter, of which we profess to have pointed out only a small number, some of the *parties*, in the dead season of Summer, form banks *en ambulance*, like the French hospitals in an active campaign; and a man may be as copiously bled or doctored by them as by the most able surgeon. Last summer so many of the *legs* took a trip to the continent, that a humourous fellow asked another if he had observed the *flight of crows from the opposite coast?*

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These travelling establishments increase greatly the expenses of the lower regions, which must require no small capital, when it is considered that police officers are feed to abstain from informing, that hush money is liberally paid, and that they can afford to allow a Marquis of Bl—dford to win 1200l. an Honourable Mr. Pr—mr—se to win 1500l. a Mr. H—rb—t 700l. Lord N——t a considerable sum, *cum multis aliis*,—all which losses, however, return ten-fold in the course of time, and only require capital to keep up the farce. Of the other houses—in due season : when we shall not only complete the list by specifying in detail the firms and situations, but shall likewise supply the names of the gentlemen players who frequent the whole generally, or are attached to one in particular. This will include also the highest class, known by the names of Brook's, White's, Boodle's, &c. &c. Most sincerely do we wish that the M—— of B——, Lord C. S——, Capt. B——, Hon. Capt. A——, Capt.

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Capt. B——t, Capt. C——r, Lord N——, Mr. S——m, Captain N——e, Major T——, Capt. D——s, Gen. C——l, Major M'c R——, Col. L——, Lieut. V——, Lieut. C——, Col. T——, Mr. L——, and M. de V——, of servant-maid notoriety, would at least shew themselves less publicly in these houses by day-light.—As for Lawrence, Hill Darley, Austin, Crips, Bandileg, Johnston, Clarke, Lumley, Lavisne, Allen, Francis, Hall, &c. they will of course go there, and we take no interest about them.

### GENERAL HINTS.

It is hoped that the salutary advice here conveyed by a suffering Greek to his brethren, will operate so as to induce them to make hay whilst the sun shines. The sums of money lost and won in *one* night, are sufficient evidence of the fickleness of fortune, only to be seized when within our grasp. Sometimes *the officers* are compelled to attack these houses.

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houses. In such cases the needy, or in other words, the tools of the houses, are incomparably expert at sweeping the table into their own pockets. They thus frequently make no inconsiderable prize.

The vast attractions which play holds out, will no doubt be an inducement to young men of spirit to embark in it, as a rare manner of passing their time. They will always meet at a gaming table with some school-fellow, or collegiate acquaintance, who will invite them to his house, and accommodate them with private play, or who will perhaps affect to *hate play*, and only play for fashion's sake, but who has a friend who always promotes the thing; and the example of fashion, added perhaps to a prohibition, is certain to bring on deep and continued play.

• Youths going to common hells would not do ill to count the number of persons present, and if they do not exceed eight or ten, they all belong to the house. They are only pretending to play, and nothing is lost or won by them. The stranger, therefore,

fore, will be playing alone ; and there is no particular amusement and much less profit in this *modus operandi*.—A word to the wise.—

Mr. Phillips, the great lottery contractor of the present day, began his career, on his own account, by establishing a gaming house at No. 45, in Pall Mall. He afterwards kept No. 63 in the same street, and is now the owner of both those houses. He moved to a small house in Norris Street, Haymarket ; but his most profitable speculation was the lottery insurance office, in Northumberland Street, now occupied by Mr. Sidney the printer, who married his niece. This gentleman has not only been singularly fortunate ; but prudent too in retiring from his hazardous concerns ere it was too late.

He is said to be in the annual receipt of nearly £20,000 independent property. It is fit that we should record an anecdote most highly to his honour. Various relatives had been led to suppose that
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he would make due provision for them. He has, however, recently married again; prior to which he divided £100,000 among those he had taught to look up to him for support. Here is a fact which, at any rate, tells to his credit.

A generous mind must always be hurt at being forced into an act which may wound the feelings of another. On the present occasion it might obviously be supposed, that Major Berger, who was in the Life Guards, at the memorable battle of Waterloo, would not have been noticed until the appearance of the Pigeons, to which class he properly belongs. His menaces have compelled us so far to deviate from our intention in this respect, as to promise a communication in that work of the facts of which we are in possession. The man who inhabits a dwelling made of glass, should never indulge in throwing stones!

Respect for the feelings of an officer, who has honorably and meritoriously served his country in
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the "tented field," and whose *professional* reputation stands publicly and favourably recorded, in the official dispatches of generals of celebrity, with whom he has served, would induce us to withhold his name from insertion in a work of this kind, if we did not feel it our duty, without the slightest intention of wounding the unfortunate, to adduce a recent instance of the *fatal* consequence of gambling, and we hope that the gentleman, whose ardour and credulity have betrayed him to ruin and misery, will feel assured that we deeply lament his misfortunes, and cordially sympathise in the calamities to which his imprudence and indiscretion have led.—Lieut. Colonel Tucker's name is to be found in many official dispatches; and the officers of the army, who have served with him, bear ample testimony to his zeal, activity and ability, as a military character. The sum which this officer has lost, has been variously stated at eighteen, twelve, and ten thousand pounds; but we can positively affirm

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affirm that the amount far exceeds the latter, although it may be under the first stated sum. The circumstances which first tempted this officer to venture on the inglorious and hazardous enterprize of play, have been stated to his credit; but, as motives do not always justify acts, we lament that he should have embarked in such an undertaking to recover wealth lost by generous credulity or misplaced confidence. It is one of the most baneful consequences of play, that even the firmest and most correct minds are overthrown by the severe and frequent losses to which they are subject, when engaged with designing sharpers, black-legs, and gamesters. To what a situation did this propensity reduce that great and enlightened statesman, the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox!!! Do we not daily hear of princes and peers, of capacious and highly cultivated minds, reduced to debt, dependance and obligation, by the indulgence of this vice? No man of sentiment or liberality can behold Colonel

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Tucker

Tucker without lamenting his melancholy fate. He has been a dupe to such designing, servile and detested characters as Oldfield and Bennet. With the entire loss of fortune he seems to experience the total loss of friends.

The *rouge et noir* tables have plucked him ready for the *spit*. The torture of his mind was evident in his countenance long before he ceased to play.

✓ In his madness and delirium the wretches who won his money privately exulted!!—They cringed to him while his pockets were filled, “*servile* “*pecus!*”—Happy will it be for society if this dreadful and most deplorable case should shield other ardent, sanguine and unsuspicious men from a contact with Messrs. Bennet, Oldfield, Abbott, Holdsworth, and Co.—They have completely ruined a valuable officer, and entailed misery on his amiable wife and numerous family.—His pillow must be one of thorns—we feel for him, as every liberal mind must do. But is there a moral, a liberal,

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liberal, or an honest man who can respect those wretches who have reduced him to his present forlorn condition? In their hideous dens they may swell into consequence, and bluster out their rage—thieves are important among their fellow thieves.—The *highwayman* is not more odious or more offensive to society, than those wretches who entice generous and credulous minds to ruin, at their gaming tables.—Such men are *monsters*, capable of any atrocious acts, could they be secure of *evading the penalties of the law*—They have not the feelings of humanity or compassion, for rich as most of them are, they still greedily and basely attempt to crush and annihilate the martyrs whom they have ruined and rendered miserable.—These slaves to avarice and plunder are *abject, mean and contemptible* in their servility, as long as money lasts.—The most infamous epithets may be applied to them by the man who has much money to lose, and they will quietly pocket every indignity.—Such

are the characters of men, with whom *gentlemen* condescend to associate, although they hourly witness the contemptibility of their conduct and actions!!—Public observation confirms this statement—yet these beings strut with self-deluding and consequential airs, as if the world admired them. In short, there are few people, in whatever station, whether in trade or otherwise, who become suddenly and unaccountably either very affluent or utterly undone, whose good or ill fortune may not be traced to the gaming table, properly so called, or to the most extensive and the most tremendous gaming ever known in any country—the time business at the Stock Exchange: but MORE OF THIS HEREAFTER.

How many a worthy being, who might have ornamented domestic life, has been driven from those houses to self destruction! How many valuable officers have been lost to their country by these artifices. Pecuniary accommodation continues, in these places, only so long as good external prospects

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pects are open to the sufferers—let them, after losing their thousands, come to know the want of a dinner, and the doors are closed for ever against them. The country owes to the considerate well timed liberality of that amiable, that patriotic character, Charles Greenwood, Esq. of Craig's Court, much of the active military talents which won WATERLOO; to his benevolent pecuniary assistance, in the dark—the trying hour of necessity. He is a host to the British Army. What a generous glow of exultation now warms my pen, as I pay this well earned tribute of grateful justice, to a wealthy man, whose affluence no man *dare* envy! It is happiness to close this work here! So gentle reader, *for a few days*, adieu!

THE END.

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Cox and Baylis, Printers,  
Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.







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